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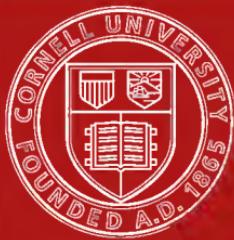
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SHAKSPERE'S
LOVES LABORS LOST:

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1598,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

WILLIAM GRIGGS,

FOR 13 YEARS PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHER TO THE INDIA OFFICE,

WITH FOREWORDS BY

FREDERICK J. FURNIVALL, M.A.,

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPERE SOCIETY, ETC.

—♦—

LONDON :

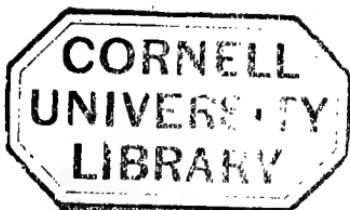
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TO

James Spedding, M.A.,

HONORARY FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

EDITOR OF BACON,

THE ANALYZER OF SHAKSPERE AND FLETCHER'S 'HENRY VIII',
IN ONE OF THE ABLEST PIECES OF SHAKSPERE CRITICISM EVER WRITTEN,
WHICH PRESUMPTUOUS AND 'SHALLOW IGNORANCE' HAS IN VAIN ASSAILED,

THIS FACSIMILE OF

LOVES LABORS' LOST,

A PLAY ON WHICH HE HAS LIKEWISE THROWN LIGHT BY HIS REMARKS,

IS DEDICATED

(THO WITHOUT HIS LEAVE ASKT)

BY ONE WHO OWES HIS TEACHING MUCH.

F. J. F.

FOREWORDS TO QUARTO I, 1598.

§ 1. <i>Q1 the original of F1; its Mistakes.</i> § 2. <i>Q1 "Newly corrected and augmented;" proof of this, p. v; its bearing on Hamlet Q1 and Q2, p. ix.</i>	§ 3. <i>The Date of Loues Labors Lost:</i> a. <i>External Evidence, p. x.</i> b. <i>Internal Evidence, p. xi.</i> <i>Probably Shakspere's 1st Play, p. xii.</i> § 4. <i>Mr Lee on its Names, &c., p. xiii.</i> § 5. <i>This Edition, p. xiv.</i>
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§ 1. *OF Loves Labors¹ Lost* only one Quarto is known before the First Folio of 1623, that here facsimiled. On comparing it with the Folio, certain differences appear, of which the chief are given below,² but they do not affect the decision of the Cambridge editors in 1863, that "The Folio edition is a reprint of this Quarto, differing only in its being divided into Acts." But their "and, as usual, inferior in accuracy,"³ may well be questiond.

The only good addition made by the Folio to the Quarto is the last phrase in the play, "You that way, we this way," which is no doubt Shakspere's, and was perhaps added in a playhouse copy, or left out of the Qo. by accident. The only bad addition is, turning the good line, "Clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the little gate"—I. i. 109, p. 5—into the bad line, "That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate." The Folio also has a less good reading of I. i. 27:

Q. Make rich the ribbes, but ban[k]erout quite the wits
 F. ribs, . . . bankerout the wits;

as also in I. i. 133, where Qo. reads rightly 'can possiblē,' and

¹ The apostrophe of *Labor's* in the headline, is meant for the *i* of *is*, as the other uses of the apostrophe in this Qo. show.

² (In modern spelling, Cambr. ed.) Q. Speak, F. break (*bad*), I. i. 151; Q. fitteth, F. fits, I. ii. 42; Q. do call, F. call, I. ii. 51; Q. maculate (*bad*), F. immaculate, I. ii. 95; Q. ever May, F. every May, IV. iii. 102; Q. God, F. Jove, V. ii. 316; Q. due, F. dutie (*bad*), V. ii. 334; Q. was it, F. what it (*bad*), V. ii. 385; F. leaves out 'when he breathed, he was a man,' Q. V. ii. 668; Q. be pray, F. pray, V. ii. 702; Q. thy, F. my, V. ii. 850; Q. estetes, F. estates, V. ii. 855; Q. full (*baa*), F. foul, V. ii. 926.

³ They add: "The second Quarto [1631] is reprinted from the First Folio."

Fo. wrongly 'shall possibly' devise. But in V. ii. 824, where the Quarto has an [absurd] mistake, 'Hence herrite' for 'Hence forward,' the Folio corrects it by 'Hence euer':

Q. Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy brest
F. Hence euer then, my heart is in thy brest.

The Folio is also much more carefully printed than the Qo, having, for instance, *pompe* for Q. *pome* in I. i. 31; *bard* and *common* for Q. *hard* and *cammon* in I. i. 57; *Contempts* for Q. *Contempls*, I. i. 191; *Welkins Vicegerent* for Q. *welkis Vizgerent*, I. i. 221; *ignorant* for Q. *ignorault*, IV. ii. 52; *wrong* for Q. *woug*, IV. ii. 121; *indiscreet* for Q. *indistreell*, IV. ii. 31; *Ode* for Q. *Odo*, IV. iii. 99; *Idolatry* for Q. *ydotarie*,¹ IV. iii. 75, &c., &c. But in IV. iii. 75, Fo. has the misprint *Coddesse* for the Qo. *Goddesse*, &c. In I. i. 185, where Fo. corrects the Qo. "I am his graces Farborough" to "Tharborough," I think that "Farborough" should be kept, as being more of a piece with the language of Constable Dull, who "reprehends" the Duke's "owne person."

That both versions often have the same mistakes in readings as well as words, is seen in their, 'Of persing,' IV. ii. 89; their *cangenet* for *canzonet*, *ib.* 124; their *Nath.* for *Ped.* or *Hol.* in IV. ii. 145; their *Holofernes* for *Nathaniel*, IV. ii. 141; their "Not you by [= to] mee, but I betrayed to [= by] you," IV. iii. 175, &c., &c. But still there are no real cruxes in the play except IV. iii. 180, "With men like men of inconstancie;" the *Schoole* of night, IV. iii. 255; "that smyles his cheeke in *yeeres*," V. ii. 465; and "myself [? *Alexander*, or *Hector*]" V. i. 133. The only phrases and words not yet explain'd are V. ii. 546, 'Abate throw at nouum,' [? the game *Novem*] and V. ii. 67 ('So) *pertaunt* (-like [? pertly] would I ore'fway his stafe').²

§ 2. a. Cuthbert Burby's London printer "W. W.",³ or the copier

¹ If *ydotarie* is for our *idiotry*, it may stand.

² Holofernes's "intellect" of Berowne's letter to Rosalín, IV. ii. 137, has been shown by Prof. T. Spencer Baynes to mean "signature, sign-manual." See the second of his very interesting Papers on "What Shakespeare learnt at School," in *Fraser's Magazine*, January, 1880, p. 90-92.

³ W. Waterson (?). See Arber's *Transcript*.

of Shakspere's MS., has, by a happy mistake, left us at least two bits of evidence as to how Shakspere "corrected and augmented" his *Loues labors lost*. The first is in Act IV. sc. iii., the second in Act V. sc. ii. In both, the Quarto has given us both the First Sketch and the Finisht Drawing, and has printed both as parts of one whole. Take the first case, in IV. iii.:—

First Sketch.

O,¹ we haue made a Vow to studie,
Lordes, (318) i
And in that Vow we haue forsworne
our Bookes. (319) ii

Second Version, "Corrected and Augmented."

And where that you haue vowed to studie
(Lordes), (296)
In that each of you haue forsworne his
Booke,
Can you still dreame, and poare, and
thereon looke?² (298) 3

(*First Insertion.*)

Why vniuersall plodding poysons³ vp 4
The nimble spirites in the arteries, (306)
As motion and long during action tyres
The sinnowy vigour of the trauayler.
Now for not looking on a woman's
face, (309) 8
You haue in that forsworne the vse of
eyes,

And studie too, the causer of your vow.

(*Recast of lines iii—v of First Sketch.*)

For when would you (my Leedge) or
you, or you? (320) 11

In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fierie Numbers as the prompting
eyes 13

Of beautis tutors haue inricht you with?

(*Recast of lines vi—xii of First Sketch.*)

Other slow Artes intirely keepe the
braine: 15

And therefore finding barraine practi-
cizers, (325)

Scarce shew a haruest of their heauie
toyle. 17

But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine;
But, with the motion of all elamentes, 20

For when would you, my Lord, or you,
or you, iii
Haue found the ground of Studies ex-
cellence (300) iv
Without the beautie of a womans face?

For where is any Authour in the
worlde, (312) vi
Teaches such beautie⁴ as a woman's
eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to our selfe,
And where we are, our Learning like-
wise is, ix
Then, when our selues we see in Ladies
eyes, (316) x

¹ ? read 'Then.'

² This *Booke-looke* couplet looks early, and so does the construction; but l. 3 is necessary for l. 4.

³ Dyce reads *prisons*. But you don't want the metaphor of nimble spirits struggling to burst their prison; you want em dulld and numbd by poison.

⁴ ? read 'Learning.'

With our selues¹ xi Courses as swift as thought in every
Do we not likewise see our learning power, (330)
there? xii And giues to euery power a double
power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious seeing to the eye: 24
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle
blinde.

A Louers eare will heare the lowest
sound: (335)
When the suspitious head of theft is
stopt, 27
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled
Snayles.

Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bachus*
grosse in taste. 30
For Valoure, is not Loue a *Hercules*,
Still clyming trees in the *Hesperides*?
Subtle as *Sphinx*, as sweete and musi-
call (342)
As bright *Appolos* Lute, strung with his
haire: 34
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of
all the Goddes
Make heauen drowsie with the har-
monie. (345)
Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Incke were tempred with
Loues sighes; 38
O then his lines would rauish sauge
eares, (348)
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie. 40
(*Recast of lines xiii—xv of First Sketch.*)
From womens eyes this doctrine I de-
riue: (350) 41
They sparcle still the right promethean
fier;
They are the Bookes, the Artes, the
Achadems,
That shew, containe, and nourish all
the worlde, 44
Els none at all in ought proue excellent.
(*Lines xvi—xvii of First Sketch :*)
Then fooles you were, these women to
forswear; (355) xvi
Or keeping what is sworne, you will
proue fooles xvii
Then fooles you were, these women to
forswear; (355) xvi
Or keeping what is sworne, you will
proue fooles xvii

¹ Left out in F₂.² Not counting xi, 'With our selves,' as a line, we hav abuv, the 14 lines
that Capell, no dout, (*Var. Sh. iv. 385*), and Dyce cut out, and that Staunton
bracketed.

Are not the "Corrected and augmented" passages clear?— Then turn to the second case, in V. ii, Berowne's proposal to Rosaline, and the conditions on which alone she'll accept him:—

First Sketch, V. ii. 827—832.

Berow. And what to me my Loue?
and what to me? i

Rosal. You must be purged to;
your sinnes are racket;
Yon are attaint with faultes and per-
iurie: iii

Therefore, if you my fauour meane to
get, iv

A tweluemonth shall you spende, and
neuer rest, v
But seeke the weery beddes of people
sick. (832) vi

Recast, "corrected and augmented,"
V. ii. 847-881.

Berow. Studdies my Ladie! Mistres,
look on me!
Beholde the window of my hart, mine
eye; (848)
What humblesuite attendes thy answere
there!
Impose some seruice on me, for thy
Loue! 4

Rosa. Oft hane I heard of you, my
Lord Berowne,
Before I saw you: and the worldes
large tongue (852)
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with
mockes,

Full of comparisons and wounding
floutes, 8
Which you on ali estates will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your
wit: (856)

To weede this wormewood from your
fructfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yf you
please,— 12

Without the which I am not to be
won;—

You shall this tweluemonth terme, from
day to day, (869)

Visite the speechlesse sicke, and still
conuerce

With groning wretches; and your taske
shall be, 16

With all the fierce endenor of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to
smile. (864)

Berow. To moue wilde laughter in
the throate of death?

It cannot be: it is impossible! 20
Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

Rosal. Why, that's the way to choake
a gibing spirit, (868)

Whose influence is begot of that loose
grace

Which shallow langhing hearers giue
to fooles. 24

A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare
Of him that heares it, neuer in the
tongue (872)

Of him that makes it : then if sickly
eares,
Deaft with the clamours of their owne
deare grones, 28
Will heare your idle scornes ; continue
then,
And I will haue you, and that fault
withall. (876)
But if they will not, throw away that
spirit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that
fault, 32
Right ioyfull of your reformation. (879)

(*Supposd end of First Sketch, with a
word alterd.*)

Berow. A tweluemonth? well : be-
fall what will befall, vii
Ile [spende] a tweluemonth in an
Hospitall. (881) viii

Berow. A tweluemonth? well : be-
fall what will befall, (880)
Ile iest a tweluemonth in an Hospitall.

In no other part of the play has the printer or copier left us direct evidence of Shakspere's correction and augmentation of his first cast ; so the reader must use his own judgment as to where they are in the play we have. The best opinion I know on the point is that of Mr Spedding, the editor of Bacon, and the critic of *Henry VIII*, whose Paper on this joint work of Shakspere and Fletcher¹ has settled the question in the minds of all men having capable ones. In a note written on Feb. 2, 1839, Mr Spedding says :

"Observe the inequality in the length of the Acts ; the first being half as long again [509 lines], the fourth twice as long [710 lines],

¹ First printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug., 1850, pp. 115-123, and reprinted in the Appendix to *The New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874, pp. 1*-20*.

BEN JONSON (d. 1637) *An Epistle answering to one that asked to be Sealed of the Tribe of Ben. The Under-wood*, p. 217; Works, vol. ii., ed. 1640.

the fifth three times as long [1104 lines], as the second [257 lines] and third [207]. This is a hint where to look for the principal additions and alterations.¹ In the first Act I suspect Berowne's² remonstrance against the vow (to begin with) to be an insertion. [Yes.] In the fourth, nearly the whole of the close, from Berowne's burst 'Who sees the heavenly Rosaline' (IV. iii. 221) [?]. In the fifth, the whole of the first scene between Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel bears traces, to me, of the maturer hand, and may have been inserted bodily. [Yes, to l. 34.] The whole close of the fifth Act, from the entrance of Mercade (V. ii. 723), has been probably rewritten, [Yes] and may bear the same relation to the original copy which Rosaline's speech, 'Oft have I heard of you, my lord Berowne²', &c. (V. ii. 851-864), bears to the original speech of six lines (827-832) which has been allowed by mistake to stand. There are also a few lines (1-3) at the opening of the fourth Act which I have no doubt were introduced in the corrected copy:

'Prince. Was that the King that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boyet. I know not, but I think it was not he.'

It was thus that Shakspere learnt to *shade off* his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage." [Yes.] *Introd. to Leopold Shakspere*, p. xxiii.

The only part of Mr Spedding's suggestion that I can't accept is the series of 17 consecutive fours or alternates, *abab*, in IV. iii. 222-289, with the 'greasy' talk of ll. 280-1. Part of these, at least, if not all, must belong to the first cast of the play. Yet the characters mainly strengthend by the augmentations must be those of Berowne and Rosalin. Surely V. ii. 396-413 and III. i. 175-207 are later work. Compare them with, say, Boyet's II. i. 234-249, and Berowne's IV. iii. 153-173. Also, most of II. i. 1-17 must be later: contrast it with the rest of the scene.

b. The proof that Berowne's and Rosalin's speeches in IV. iii. and V. ii. (abuv, p. v-viii) giv, that Shakspere *did* revise his work, helps us to see what his original *Hamlet* of 1601-2, misrepresented in Q₁, might have been, and how a verse-writer askt by Ling to fill up a gap in the note-takers' version of Shakspere's play might, from

¹ The three longest scenes are I. i., 317 lines; IV. iii., 386 lines; V. ii., 942 lines. The other scenes are shorter than Acts II. and III., which have only one scene each. I. ii. has 192 lines; IV. i., 151 lines; IV. ii., 173 lines; V. i., 162 lines.

² Mr S. spells 'Biron' like the modernized editions.

vague recollection, have written Claudius's speech, the scene between Gertrude and Horatio, &c. Will some man with a knack for numbers write us a few lines bearing a like relation to those in the left-hand columns of p. v-viii above, which any of the *Hamlet Q1* speeches bear to their representatives in *Q2*, and thus illustrate and account for the production of *Hamlet Q1*?

§ 3. *Loues Labors lost* is one of the 26 "of Shakspere's 37 plays—18 printed during his life, and 19 after his death (including *The Two Noble Kinsmen*),—for the dates, or rather the order of (which), we are thrown back on the second part of the Evidence from Within, the Style and Temper of the works" (*L. Sh. Introd.*, p. xix). We have no Evidence from Without, and no Allusions from Within, to fix the date of the first cast of the play¹; though for its second cast we have its title declaring that it was playd before Elizabeth at Christmas 1597. It was mentiond by both Robert Tofte² and Francis Meres³ in 1598. Jaggard put two of its pieces⁴ into his piratical *Passionate Pilgrime* of 1599; its line IV. iii. 379 was quoted in *Englands Parnassus*, 1600, and its song, "On a day (alack the day)," IV. iii., in *Englands Helicon* (collected by Jn. Bodenham), 1600. Sir Walter Cope tells us in 1604 that Burbage

"Sayes ther ys no new playe that the quene [James I's Anne of

¹ P.S. This was written before Mr Lee sent me his note in § 4, p. xiii-xv, below.

² *Loves Labour Lost*, I once did see a Play

Y-cleped so, so called to my paine.
Which I to heare, to my small Ioy
did stay,
Giving attendance on my froward
Dame:

My misgiving minde presaging to
me ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst
my will. . . .

Each Actor plaid in cunning wise his part,

But chiefly Those entrapt in Cupid's snare;

Yet All was fained, 'twas not from the hart,

They seemde to grieve, but yet they felt no care:

'Twas I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in brest,

The others did but make a show in Iest.

The Months Minde of a Melancholy Lover, sign. G 5 (*Allusion Books*, Part I, N. Sh. Soc. p. 184; *Centurie*, p. 15).

³ "For Comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*. . . ."—*Centurie*, p. 21.

⁴ Longavill's Sonnet to Maria, "Did not the heauenly Rethorique of thine eye," IV. iii. 57-70; and Berowne's 6-measure Sonnet-Letter to Rosalin, IV. ii. 103-116, "If Loue make me forsworne," &c.

Denmark] hath not seene, but they have Revyved an olde one, Cawled *Loves Labore lost*, which for wytt & mirthe he sayes will please her exceedingly. And Thys ys apointed to be playd to Morowe night at my Lord of Sowthamptons . . ." (*Centurie*, p. 62); and it was one of the "Bookes red be mee [Drummond of Hawthonden] anno 1606."—*Cent.*, p. 71. The only known possible or probable allusion to a passage in the play before its publication was, I believe, pointed out by Dr Grosart in his edition of Robert Southwell, 1872. He contends that the following lines (of 1594 A.D.?) apply to the eyes of Christ, the idea containd in Berowne's humorous speech on women's eyes in *L. L. Lost*, IV. iii. :

"O sacred eyes ! The springs of living light,
 The earthly heavens where angels ioy to dwell,
 * * * * *
 Sweet volumes, stoard with learning fit for saints,
 Where blissful quires imparadize their minds ;
 Wherein eternall studie never faints
 Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds :
 How endlesse is your labyrinth of blisse,
 Where to be lost, the sweetest finding is." (*Cent.*, p. 14.)

So the play attracted a fair share of notice. But no one who has a grasp of Shakspere's developments in metre and characterization—the two great tests of the order of his early works at least—can be satisfied with the date of 1597 or 1594 for the first cast of his *L. L. Lost*, which must be either his first or second original work, and probably about 1590 A.D. The *Comedy of Errors* is the only play which can be earlier. Now as to metre, *L. L. L.* has 1028 ryme-lines to 597 blank-verse ones, nearly twice as many, 1 to '58; the *Errors* 380 rymes to 1150 blank, or 1 in 3·02. *L. L. L.* has only 4 per cent of 11-syllable lines, while the *Errors* has 12·3 per cent (Hertzberg¹). *L. L. L.* has as many as 236 alternate-rymes or fours, that is, 1 in 4·78; while the *Errors* has only 64, or 1 in 18 lines. *L. L. L.* has 194 lines of doggrel, or 1 in every 5·3 lines, while the *Errors* has 109, or 1 in every 10·55; *L. L. L.* has only 1 run-on

¹ See Mr F. D. Matthew's abstract of H.'s Paper, in *N. Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, App. IV. p. 59*. The other nos. are from Mr Fleay's Table, *N. Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1874, p. 16.

line in 18·14, while the *Errors* has 1 in every 10·7. Further, *L. L. L.* has more Sonnets, and more 8- and 6-line stanzas in the dialogue, than the *Errors*. It is more crowded with word-play, and has far less plot (the *Errors* being from Plautus), and less pathos: no shadow of the death-doomed Ægeon grieving and searching for long-lost child and wife are over it from the first. It has the certain sign of early work, the making of the King and his nobles forget their dignity, and roll on the ground guffawing, like a lot of hobade-hoys (V. ii. 113-116), at the rehearsal of their Mask¹. This fault it shares with *Midsummer Night's Dream*—cp. the vulgarities of Hermia and Helena, Greek ladies in name at least, when they quarrel²—tho its sub-play, with Holofernes wanting to play 3 Worthies himself besides his own part (V. ii. 150), must be earlier than Bottom and his desire to play a tyrant, Thisbe, and the lion too.

In characterization, *L. L. Lost*, as 'corrected and augmented,' has a Rosaline and a Berowne who stand out more vividly than any pair in the *Errors*; but neither of them appeals to the imagination or the feelings like Ægeon does; neither has 'that serious tender love' which Antipholus of Syracuse shows for Luciana. Both plays belong to the earliest group of Shakspere's Comedies, the mistaken-identity, cross-purpose set; but *L. L. Lost* has more the aspect of a first play than the *Errors* has. It is more carefully polish'd, it has more Stratford life in it—countrymen's play, boys'-games ('more sacks to the mill,' and hide and seek, 'all hid'),—it dwelt more in Shakspere's mind: he recast Berowne and Rosaline into Benedick and Beatrice, he continued Dull's word-mistakes thro almost all his dullards, he paralleld Armado's love for Jacquenetta, by Touchstone's for Audrey, &c. But the metrical facts are those which to me settle the earlierness of *L. L. L.* over the *Errors*. I cannot believe that Shakspere, having written the *Errors* with 1 couplet of ryme in every

¹ Compare too, Berowne to Rosaline, in the fudgd ryme that no 'russet yea' can excuse:

'And to begin, Wench,—so God help me! law!—
My love to thee is sound, *sance* cracke or flaw.'—V. ii. 414-15, p. 60.

² Impossible to Shakspere in 1596, when he must have conceivd, and have been embodying, Portia.

6 lines, and having found how ill adapted ryme was to dramas, would then go and write *L. L. Lost* with six times more couplets in it. I cannot believe that he, having written the *Errors* with over 12 per cent of extra-syllable lines in it, and one run-on line in every 10,—and thereby got increast freedom and ease in expression¹,—would turn round and deliberately cramp himself again by writing *L. L. L.* with only a third of his extra-syllable, and half his run-on lines, of the earlier play. I cannot believe that in his second play he would two-fold the doggrel, four-fold the alternate rymes, and increase the stanzas of his first play. He wouldn't, in my belief, jump out of the frying-pan into the fire, even to try how he liked it. I conclude then that the first cast of *L. L. Lost* was Shakspere's first genuine play. And if his Second Period began with *King John* in 1595, and the *Merchant* in 1596, and he came to London in 1587 or thereabouts, I suppose *L. L. L.* to have been written in or before 1590, the other First-Period works, of the '5 years 1590-4, being the *Errors*, *Dream*, *Two Gentlemen*; *Romeo and Juliet*, *Venus and Adonis*, and *Lucrece*; *Rich. II*, *Henry VI*, *Rich. III*, and possibly touches of *Titus*.

§ 4. On the names of the principal characters in *L. L. L.*, as confirming its date of 1589-90, or thereabouts, Mr S. L. Lee of Balliol,²—one of the men whose training does such credit to Dr. Abbott and his system—sends me the following note :

The title of the hero of *L. L. L.*, and the names of his two chief attendants, Biron and Longaville, are identical with those of the chief leaders of the opponents of the League in contemporary France. Dumaine is likewise a common Angli-cized version of the Duc de Maine, or Mayenne. His name is similarly spelt by Chapman in his *Conspiracie of Byron* (Pearson's reprint, vol. ii. pp. 210-11). Mothe, or La Mothe, was also the name of a well-known French ambassador (cf. Froude's *History*, xi. 293-7, &c.; and *State Papers*, 1581-90, p. 79, &c.); and the mention of Duke Alençon must refer to the Queen's French suitor of the same name (*L. L. L.*, II. i. 61).

¹ When I first calld the attention of our—alas ! just lost—genial dramatist, Tom Taylor, to the increase in Shakspere's extra syllables as he grew in art, Taylor said he'd never notisit the point in Shakspere, or in his own writing ; but as he had his *Ann Boleyn* in hand, he would notice what he did, and why he us'd extra syllables. Next time we met, he said, "I've found out now. I use the extra syllable to get greater ease in conversations."

² See his paper on Dr. Lopez as the original of Shylock in the *Gent.'s Mag.*, Feb. 1880.

The anxious interest with which the French crisis of 1589 was watched in England doubtless drew Shakspere's attention to France, and might naturally have led him to graft upon a story derived from other sources, heroes and incidents suggested by a popular prevailing sentiment. The inference is borne out by (1) the popularity *L. L. L.* enjoyed while French politics were uppermost (cf. Halliwell's *Folio Shakespeare*, iv. 215); (2) the interest Shakspere is shown to have taken in contemporary French politics by his reference to them in the *Comedy of Errors* (III. ii. 122), with which Malone's note on *The Merchant* (III. ii. 49) may be compared; and (3) the internal construction of the comedy. Besides the similarity of the names, the characters of their bearers resemble those of living personages. The description of Navarre (II. i. 5) and that of Longaville (II. i. 44), who made his reputation at Senlis in 1589, seem admirably to satisfy the enthusiasm their namesakes' conduct had roused. Biron is more carefully portrayed, and the points of resemblance with his namesake are more noticeable. The English contingent served under him in France (*State Papers*, 1591-4, p. 335), and grew much attached to him (cf. Birch's *Memoirs of Elizabeth*, ii. 323). On his visit to England at the close of the century, he was enthusiastically welcomed (*Chambers's Letters*, p. 95, published by the Camden Society, and Sismondi's *Histoire*, xxii. 65). But he had the shortcomings of most French courtiers. Navarre complained of his "rodomontades, jactances et vanités." Biron's gallantry in the play, his common sense, his clever "salve for perjury," and Rosaline's complaint—"the world's large tongue proclaims you for a man replete with mocks," &c. (V. ii. 832-6)—seem a reflection of the leading features attributed to the French leader. To prove that I have not over-estimated his importance in the eyes of Shakspere's contemporaries, I have only to mention Chapman's two plays—*Byron's Conspiracie and Tragedie*, of both of which he is the hero. Furthermore, the interview between Navarre and the Princess of France is very like a meeting that took place between the historical Navarre and a Princess of France, Catherine de Medici, who represented an incapable king, as in *L. L. L.*, in 1586. The gathering was a brilliant one. The princess "avoit fait choix pour la suivre, des plus belles personnes de sa cour" (Sismondi, xx. 237; cf. Davila's *Memoirs of Civil War* (1758), i. 521-4). The interview came to nothing at the time, but its purpose was effected in 1589, when it was doubtless recalled to memory.

The Russian incident in *L. L. L.* likewise suggests a contemporary event. It should be remembered that England first opened negotiations with Russia under Elizabeth, and that a crisis in their relationship took place in 1589. An English envoy returning from Russia declared he had been inhumanly treated there, and Elizabeth and her people warmly took the matter up. A good account of the whole question is to be found in Mr. E. A. Bond's preface to his edition of Fletcher's "*Russe Commonwealth*," with Jerome Horsey's Account of Travels in Russia at the end of the 16th century, published by the Hakluyt Society in 1856. The attention thus directed to Russia might well have raised recollections of a scene which took place in London between some Russian ambassadors and English ladies in 1583. Russian envoys had come over to secure, among other things, a kinswoman of the Queen as a wife for the Czar. Lady Mary Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon, was the selected bride; and she, with many ladies of the court, received the Russians in the gardens of York House, where a wide platform had been erected. The chief ambassador's conduct was extremely ridiculous: "He cast down his countenance; fell prostrate to her feet; ran back from her,

she and the rest admiring at his manner." An interpreter was introduced to say, "It did suffice him to behold the angel he hoped should be his master's bride;" and more to like effect. The lady was afterwards known as the Empress of Muscovia. The whole scene is described in Mr. Bond's preface (pp. xlvi—lii), and in pp. 195-6 of the text of the book. The description of the locale (the garden and the pavilion), the office of Moth, and "the rough carriage so ridiculous" of the disguised Frenchmen in *L. L. L.* very nearly resemble this actual occurrence.

We may add that Armado, who is called "a phantasm, a Monarcho" (IV. i. 99), and elsewhere a "fanatical phantasm," is drawn upon the lines of "the phantastical Monarcho," who made sport for Elizabeth's courtiers for some years. At his death Thomas Churchyard wrote a poem on him called "The Phantastical Monarchoes Epitaph," which Mr Halliwell has reprinted in his *Folio Shakespeare* (vol. IV). The name of Shakspere's magnificent Spaniard is doubtless formed from the title of the Spanish expedition of 1588.—S. L. LEE.

L. L. Lost launches us at once into the topic of Shakspere's relation to the social questions of his day. It was for his age what Tennyson's *Princess* was and is for ours, and dealt with many other points besides. But into these, and the relation of *L. L. L.* to Shakspere's other plays and his art, I cannot enter here. Assuredly we want a more thorough study of this play—wearisome tho much of it is—than has yet appear'd in print. The present Qto is a much less good one than any of the first two Quartos of the *Dream* and the *Merchant*.

§ 5. The present facsimile is from the Duke of Devonshire's copy,¹ the confounded mounter of whose pages has cut off part of some head-lines and foot-lines, and the whole of some signatures. The line-numbers are those of the Globe edition, even where those are wrong, as they once or twice are. The daggers (†) at the side mark faulty lines that are alter'd in the Globe. Hence-forward our Editors will, for economy's sake, try to keep their Forewords to the Facsimiles down to 12 pages, unless more are absolutely needed for the work they have to do.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

¹ This copy differs from the Capell one in Trinity Library in at least these 4 points noted by the Cambridge editors: it has *Loue* for *Loue* in Berowne's speech, IV. iii. 182, p. 39, E 4 bk (I think the Cambr. eds. have rightly preferr'd *Loue*, as here Berowne is (supposedly) in earnest, and *Joue* and its jingle would lower the tone of his speech); it turns the central *p* of *paper* (IV. iii. 43, p. 36, sign. E 3,) the wrong way up, and makes it look like *pader*; it has the wrong *croporall* (IV. iii. 86, p. 37, E 3 bk) for the right Capell *corporal*; and for the *will* of V. ii. 697, p. 68, sign. I 3, it has only *w*, while the Capell copy has *wi*.

Characters ("A Colledge of Witte-crackers," *Much Ado*, V. iv. 101)
 . in the *Order of their Oncoming*.

FERDINAND, King of Nauar, p. 2, 16, 35, 53, 58.

His nobles :

LONGAUIL (a tall young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Maria),
 p. 2, 16, 36, 53, 58.

DUMAINE (a young Noble of Navar, the Lover of Katherin),
 p. 2, 16, 37, 53, 58.

BEROWNE (an older Noble of Navar, the Lover of Rosalin),
 p. 3, 16, 24, 35, 53, 58.

A *Constable*, ANTHONY DULL, p. 7, 12, 30, 45.

COSTARD the *Clowne*, p. 7, 12, 23, 27, 33, 40, 62; as POMPEY, p. 64.

ARMADO, the *Braggart* (in love with Jaquenetta), p. 9, 21, 23, 46,
 63; as HECTOR, p. 67, 73.

MOTH,¹ his *Boy*, or *Page*, p. 9, 21, 23, 46, 53; as HERCULES, p. 65.

IAQUENETTA, a *Wench*, or *Mayden*, p. 12, 33, 40.

The PRINCESSE OF FRAUNCE, p. 14, 26, 49, 58.

Her suite :

Lord BOVET, p. 14, 28, 51.

Three (or Two) *Lords* (of whom one only speaks once, p. 15),
 p. 14, 26.

1st Lady, MARIA (call'd *Marg.*, p. 50), p. 14, 29, 49, 58.

2nd Lady, KATHERIN², p. 14, 26, 49, 58.

3rd Lady, ROSALIN, p. 14, 29, 49, 58.

A *Forrester*, p. 26.

HOLOFERNES the *Pedant*, p. 30, 45; as IUDAS, p. 65.

NATHANIEL the *Curate*, p. 30, 45; as ALEXANDER, p. 55.

Black-moores with musicke, p. 53.

A *Messenger*, Mounsieur MARCADE, p. 69.

HIEMS, Winter, p. 74.

VER, the Spring, p. 74.

¹ That MOTH = mote (in the eye), see IV. iii. 161, p. 39. Some very small boy in Shakspere's company must have playd the part. See V. i. 42-5, p. 46; 137-9, p. 48, &c.

² Sometimes KATHERINE, ryming with 'mine', p. 28 (IV. i. 53-4), and 'thine,' p. 52 (V. ii. 132-3). So Rosalin is also spelt Rossaline, V. ii. 133, &c.



A
PLEASANT
Conceited Comedie
CALLED,
Loues labors lost.

As it vvas presented before her Highnes
this last Christmas.

Newly corrected and augmented
By W. Shakespere.



Imprinted at London by *W.W.*
for *Cuthbert Burby.*

1598.



Enter Ferdinand K. of Nauar, Berovvne,
Longauill, and Dumaine.

Globe Ed.
 Act I. Sc. i.

Ferdinand.

4
LET Fame, that all hunt after in their lyues,
 Lie registred vpon our brazen Tombes,
 And then grace vs, in the disgrace of death:
 When spight of cormorant devouring Time,
 Thendeuour of this present breath may buy:
 That honour which shall hate his sythes keene edge,
 And make vs heires of all eternitie,
 Therefore braue Conquerours, for so you are,
 That warre agaynst your owne affections,
 And the hudge armie of the worldes desires.
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force,
Nauar shall be the wonder of the worlde,
 Our Court shalbe a lyttle Achademe,
 Still and contemplatye in lyuing art,
 You three, *Berowme, Dumaine, and Longauill.*
 Haue sworne for three yeeres tearine, to liue with me:
 My fellow Schollers, and to keepe those statutes
 That are recorded in this sedule here.
 Your othes are past, and now subscribe your names:
 That his owne hand may strike his honour downe,
 That violates the smalleſt branch herein,
 If you are arm'd to do, as sworne to do,
 Subscribe to your deepe othes, and keepe it to.

20
Longauill. I am resolued, tis but a thee yeeres fast:
 The minde shall banquet, though the body pine,
 Fat paunches haue leane pates: and daynty bits
 Make rich the ribbes, but banerout quite the wite.

24
Dumaine. My louing Lord, *Dumaine* is mortefied,
 The grosser manner of these worldes delyghts:
 He throwes vppon the grosse worlds baser flaues

28
 †

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

To loue, to wealth, to pome, I pine and die,
With all these lyning in Philosophie.

* 32 *Berowne.* I can but say their protestation ouer,
So much deare Liedge, I haue already sworne,
That is, to lyue and study heere three yeeres.
36 But there are other strickt obseruances:

As not to see a woman in that terme,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there,
And one day in a weeker to touch no foode;
40 And but one meale on every day beside:
The which I hope is not enrolled there,
And then to sleepe but three houres in the nyght,
And not be seene to wincke of all the day.
44 When I was wont to thinke no harme all nyght,
And make a darke nyght too of halfe the day:
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
52 O these are barraine taskes, too hard to keepe,
Not to see Ladyes, study, fast, not sleepe.

Ferd. Your othe is past, to passe away from these.

Berow. Let me say no my liedge, and yf you please.

56 I onely swore to study with your grace,
And stay heere in your Court for three yeeres space.

Longa. You swore to that *Berowne*, and to the rest.

Bero. By yea and nay sir, than I swore in iest,
What is the ende of study, let me know?

Ferd. Why that to know which else we should not know.

Ber. Things hid & hard (you meane) from common sense.

Ferd. I, that is studies god-like recompence.

Bero. Com'on then, I will sweare to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:

Asthus, to study where I well may dine,

When I to fast expressely am forbid.

Or studie where to meete some Mistris fine.

When Mistresses from common sense are hid.

Or hauing sworne too hard a keeping oth,

Studie to breake it, and not breake my troth.

If studies gaine be thus, and this be so,

Studie knowes that which yet it doth not know,

called Loues Labor's lost.

Sweare me to this, and I will nere say no.

Ferd. These be the slopps that hinder studie quit,
And traine our intelects to vaine delight.

Bero. Why? all delightes are vaine, but that most vaine
Which with payne purchas'd, doth inherite payne,
As paynefully to poare vpon a Booke,
To seeke the lyght of trueth, while trueth the whyle
Doth falsely blinde the eye sight of his looke:
Light seeking light, doth light of light beguyle:
So ere you finde where light in darknes lyes,
Your light growes darke by loosing of your eyes,
Studie me how to please the eye in deede,
By fixing it vppon a fayrer eye,
Who dazzling so that eye shalbe his heed,
And giue him light that it was blinded by.
Studie is lyke the heauens glorious Sunne,
That will not be deepe searcht with sawcie lookes:
Small haue continuall plodders euer wonne,
Sauē base auuthoritie from others Bookes,
These earthly Godfathers of heauens lights,
That giue a name to euer fixed Starre,
Haue no more profitē of their shyning nights,
Then those that walke and wot not what they are,
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame:
And euerie Godfather can giue a name.

Ferd. How well hees read to reason against reading.

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding.

Lon. He weedes the corne & still lets grow the weeding.

Ber. The Spring is neare when greene geese are a bree-

Duma. How followes that? (ding.

Ber. Fit in his place and tyme.

Duma. In reason nothing.

Bero. Something then in rime.

Ferd. Berowne is like an eniuious sneaping Frost,
That bites the first borne infants of the Spring.

Bero. Well, say I am, why should proude Sommer boast,
Before the Birdes haue any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abhortiue byrth?

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A pleasant conceited Comedie:

At Christmas I no more desire a Rose,
 Then wish a Snow in Mayes new fangled shewes;
 But like of each thing that in season growes,
 So you to studie now it is too late,
 Clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the little gate.

Ferd. Well, sit you out: go home *Berowne*: adue.

Bero. No my good Lord, I haue sworne to stay with you.
 And though I haue for barbarisme spokemore
 Then for that Angell knowledge you can say,
 Yet confident Ile keepe what I haue sworne,
 And bide the pannance of each three yeeres day.
 Give me the paper, let me reade the same,
 And to the strictest decrees Ile write my name.

Fer. How well this yeelding rescewes thee from shame,
Ber. Item, That no woman shall come within a myle of
 my Court. Hath this bin proclaymed?

Long. Foure dayes ago.

Ber. Lets see the penaltie, On payne of loosing her tung.
 Who deuise d this penaltie?

Long. Marrie that did I.

Bero. Sweete Lord, and why?

Long. To fright them hence with that dread penaltie,
 A dangerous law against gentletie.

Item, Yf any man be seene to talke with a woman within
 the tearme of three yeeres he shall indure such publie
 shame as the rest of the Court can possible deuise.

Ber. This Article my liege your selfe must breake,
 For well you know here comes in Embassiaie,
 The French kinges daughter with your selfe to speake:
 A Maide of grace and compleat maiestie,
 About surrender vp of *Aquitaine*,
 To her decrepit, sicke, and bedred Father.
 Therefore this Article is made in vaine,
 Or vainely comes th'admired Princesse hither.

Ferd. What say you Lordes? why, this was quite forgot.

Ber. So Studie euermore is ouershot,
 While it doth studie to haue what it would,
 It doth forget to do the thing it should;

called Loues Labor's lost.

And when it hath the thing it hunteh most,
Tis won as townes with fire, so won so lost.

Fer. We must offorce dispence with this Decree,
Shee must lie heere on meere necessitie.

Ber. Necessitie will make vs all forsworne
Three thousand times within this three yeeres space:
For every man with his affectes is borne,
Not by might maistred, but by speciall grace,
If I breake fayth, this word shall speake for me,
I am forsworne on meere necessitie.
So to the Lawes at large I write my name,
And he that breakes them in the least degree,
Standes in attainerd of eternall shame.
Suggestions are to other as to me:
But I beleue although I seeme so loth,
I am the last that will last keepe his oth.
But is there no quicke recreation graunted?

Ferd. I that there is, our Court you know is haunted
With a refined trauailer of Spaine,
A man in all the worldes new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his braine:
On who the musique of his owne vaine tongue
Doth rauish like inchannting harmonie:
A man of complements whom right and wrong
Haue chose as vmpier of their mutenie.
This childe of Fancie that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate,
In high borne wordes the worth of many a Knight:
From tawnie Spaine lost in the worldes debate.
How you delight my Lords I know not I,
But I protest I loue to heare him lie,
And I will vse him for my Minstreisie.

Bero. *Armado* is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fier new wordes, Fashions owne knight.

Lon. *Cof tard* the swaine and he, shalbe our sport,
And so to studie three yeeres is but short,

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Enter a Constable with Costard with a letter.

182 *Constab.* Which is the Dukes owne person?

Ber. This fellow, What wouldst?

186 *Const.* I my selfe reprehend his owne person, for I am his
graces Farborough: But I would see his owne person
in flesh and blood.

Ber. This is he.

190 *Const.* Signeour Arme Arme commendes you :

Ther's villanie abrod, this letter will tell you more,

Clowne. Sir the Contempls thereof are as touching me,

195 *Fer.* A letter from the magnifiscent Armado. (words.

Bero. How low so euer the matter, I hope in God for high

Lon. A high hope for a low heaven God grant vs patience

Ber. To heare, or forbear hearing.

Lon. To heare meekly sir, and to laugh moderatly, or
to forbear both.

Bero. Well sir, be it as the stile shall giue vs cause to clime
in the merrines.

205 *Clow.* The matter is to me sir, as concerning Iaquinetta:

The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Bero. In what manner?

Clow. In manner and forme folowing sir all those three,

210 I was seene with her in the Manner house, sittynge with her
vpon the Forme, and taken following her into the Parke:
which put togeather, is in manner and forme following.
Now sir for the manner, It is the manner of a man to speake
to a woman, for the fornic in some forme.

Ber. For the following sir.

Clow. As it shall follow in my correction, and God defend
the right.

217 *Ferd.* Will you heare this Letter with attention?

Bero. As we would heare an Oracle.

Clow. Such is the simplicitie of man to harken after the flesh

220 *Ferd.* Great Deputie the welkis Vizgerent, and sole dominatur of
Nauar, my soules earthes God, and bodies fforing patron:

Cost. Not a worde of Costard yet.

Ferd. So it is.

called Lones Labor's loft.

Cost. It may be so: but if he say it is so, he is in telling true: but so.

227

Ferd. Peace.

230

Clow. Be to me, and euerie man that dares not fight.

Ferd. No wordes.

232

Clow. Of other mens secrets I beseech you;

Ferd. So it is besedged with sable coloured melancholie, I did commende the blacke oppressing humour to the most holosome phisike of thy health-giving ayre: And as I am a Gentleman, betooke my selfe to walke: the time When? about the sixt houre, When Beastes most graze, Birdes best peck, and Men sit downe to that nourishment which is called Supper: So much for the time When. Now for the ground Which? which I meane I walke upon, it is ycliped Thy Park. Then for the place Where? where I meane, I did encounter that obscene & most propostrous event that draweth fro my snowwhite pen the ebon coloured Incke, which here thou viewest, beholdest, suruayest, or seest. But to the place Where? It standeth North North-east & by East from the West corner of thy curious knotted garden; There did I see that low spirited Swaine, that base Minow of thy myrrh, (Clowne. Mee?) that unlettered smal knowing soule, (Clow. Mee?) that shallow vnsall (Clown. Still mee.) which as I remember, bright Costard, (Clow. O mee) sorted and consorted contrary to thy establisched proclaymed Edict and continent Cannon: Which with, o with, but with this I passion to say wherewith:

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Clo. With a Wench.

Ferd. With a childe of our Grandmother Eue, a female; or for thy more sweete understanding a Woman: him, I (as my euer esteemeed duetie prickes me on) haue sent to thee, to receive the meede of punishment by thy sweete Graces Officer Anthonie Dull, a man of good reput, carriage bearing, and estimation.

Antho! Me ant shall please you? I am *Anthony Dull*.

Ferd. For Iaquenetta (so is the weaker vessell called) vwhich I apprehended vwith the aforesayd Swaine, I keepe bir as a vessell of thy Lawnes furie, and shall at the least of thy sweete notice, bring bir to tryall. Thine in all complements of denoted and hartburning heate of duetie.

Don Adriano de Armado.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Ber. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that euer I heard.

283.4 Fer. I the best, for the wost. But serra, What say you to this?

Clo. Sir I confess the Wench.

Fer. Did you heare the Proclamation?

288 Clo. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

Fer. It was proclaymed a yeeres imprisonment to be taken with a Wench.

291.2 Clo. I was taken with none sir, I was taken with a Damsel.

Fer. Well, it was proclaimed Damsel.

Clo. This was no Damsel neither sir, she was a Virgin.

Ber. It is so varried to, for it was proclaimed Virgin.

Clo. If it were, I denie her Virginitie; I was taken with a Maide.

300 Fer. This Maide will not serue your turne sir.

Clo. This Maide will serue my turne sir.

Fer. Sir I will pronounce your sentence: You shall fast a weeke with Branne and Water.

304.5 Clo. I had rather pray a month with Mutton & Porridge,

Fer. And *Don Armado* shall be your keeper.

My Lord *Berovvne*, see him deliuered ore,

And goe we Lordes to put in practise that,

Which each to other hath so strongly sworne.

Bero. Ile lay my Head to any good mans Hat,

These othes and lawes will proue an idle scorne,

Surra, Come on.

Clo. I suffer for the trueth sir: for true it is, I was taken with *Iaquenetta*, and *Iaquenetta* is a trew girle, and therefore welcome the sower Cup of prosperie, affliccio may one day smile againe, and till then sit thee downe sorrow. *Exeunt.*

Enter Armado and Moth his page.

Armado. Boy, What signe is it when a man of great spirit growes melancholy?

Boy. A great signe sir that he will looke sadd.

Ar. Why? sadness is one & the selfe same thing deare imp.

Boy. No no, O Lord sir no.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Arm. How canst thou part sadnes and melancholy, my tender iuuenall?

Boy. By a familiere demonstration of the working, my tough signeour.

Arma. Why tough signeour? Why tough signeour?

Boy. Why tender iuuenall? Why tender iuuenall?

Arm. I spoke it tender iuuenal, as a congruent apethaton apperteining to thy young dayes, which we may nominate tender.

Boy. And I tough signeour, as an appertinent title to your olde time, which we may name tough.

Arma. Prettie and apt.

Boy. How meane you sir, I prettie, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying prettie?

Arma. Thou prettie because little.

Boy. Little prettie, because little: wherfore apt.

Arma. And therfore apt, because quicke.

Boy. Speake you this in my praise Maister?

Arma. In thy condigne praise.

Boy. I will praise an Ele with the same praise.

Arma. What? that an Ele is ingenious.

Boy. That an Ele is quicke.

Arma. I do say thou art quicke in answeres. Thou hearest my blood.

Boy. I am answerd sir.

Arma. I loue not to be crost.

Boy. He speakes the meer contrarie, crosses loue not him.

Ar. I haue promised to studie three yeceres with the duke.

Boy. You may do it in an houre sir

Arma. Impossible.

Boy. How many is one thrice tolde?

Arma. I am ill at reckning, it fitteth the spirit of a Tapster.

Boy. You are a Gentleman and a Gamster sir.

Arma. I confess both, they are both the varnish of a compleat man.

Boy. Then I am sure you know how much the grosse summe of deus-ace amountes to.

Arma. It doth amount to one more then two.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Boy. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arma. True.

Boy. Why sir is this such a peece of studie? Now heere is
52 three studie ere yele thrice wincke: and how easie it is to
56 put yeeres to the worde three, and studie three yeeres in two
wordes, the dauncing Horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine Figure.

Boy. To proue you a Cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in loue: and as it is
60 base for a Souldier to loue; so am I in loue with a base wench.
If drawing my Sword against the humor of affection would
64 deliuer me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take
Desire prisoner, and ransome him to anie French Courtier
for a new deuise cursie. I thinke scorne to sigh, mee thinks
68 I should outheweare Cupid. Comfort mee Boy, What great
men haue bin in loue?

Boy. Hercules Maister.

Arm. Most sweete Hercules: more authoritie deare Boy,
72 name more; and sweete my childe let them be men of good
repute and carriage.

Boy. Sampson Maister, he was a man of good carriage,
76 great carriage: for he carried the Towne-gates on his backe
like a Porter: and he was in loue.

Arm. O wel knit Sampson, strong ioynted Sampson; I do excell
thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates.
80 I am in loue too. Who was Sampsons loue my deare Moth?

Boy. A Woman, Maister.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Boy. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of
84 the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion?

Boy. Of the sea-water Greene sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Boy. As I haue read sir, and the best of them too.

Arm. Greene in deede is the colour of Louers: but to
88-9 haue a loue of that colour, mee thinkes Sampson had small
reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Boy. It was so sir, for she had a greene wit.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Arm. My loue is most immaculate white and red,

Boy. Most maculate thoughts Maister, are maskt vnder
such colours.

Ar. Define, define, well educated infant.

Boy. My fathers wit, and my mothers tongue assist me.

Ar. Sweet inuocation of a child, most pretty & pathetrical,

Boy. Yf she be made of white and red,

Her faultes will nere be knowne:

For blushe-in cheeke by faultes are bred,

And feares by pale white showne:

Then if she feare, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

Eor still her cheeke possesse the same,

Which natuue she doth owe

A dangerous rime maister against the reason of white & red.

Ar. Is there not a Ballet Boy, of the King & the Begger?

Boy. The worlde was very guiltie of such a Ballet some
three ages since, but I thinke now tis not to be found: or if it
were, it would neither serue for the writing, nor the tune.

Ar. I will haue that subiect newly writ ore, that I may
example my digression by some mightie presedent. *Boy.*
I do loue, that Countrey gitle that I tooke in the Parke
with ther rational hinde *Coflard*: she deserues well.

Boy. To be whipt: and yet a better loue then my maister.

Ar. Sing Boy, My spirit growes heauie in loue.

Boy. And that's great maruaile, louing a light Wench.

Ar. I say sing,

Boy. Forbeare till this companie be past,

Enter *Clowne, Constable, and Wench.*

Constab. Sir, the Dukes pleasure is that you keepe *Coflard*
safe, and you must suffer him to take no delight, nor no pe-
nance, but a must fast three dayes a weeke: for this Damsell
I must keepe her at the Parke, she is a lowde for the Day
woman. Fare you well.

Ar. I do betray my selfe with blushing: Maide.

Maide. Man.

Ar. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

u ~

Maid.

95-6

100-1

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112-13

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128-9

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I.ii.

*A pleasant conceited Comedie:**Maid.* Thats hereby.*Ar.* I know where it is situate,*Ma.* Lord how wise you are,*Ar.* I will tell thee wonders,*Ma.* With that face.*Ar.* I loue thee.*Ma.* So I heard you say.*Ar.* And so farewell,*Ma.* Faire weather after you.*Clo.* Come *Taquetta*, away.*Exeunt.**Ar.* Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences etc thou be pardoned.*Clo.* Well sir I hope when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomacke.*Ar.* Thou shalt be heauely punished.*Clo.* I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.*Ar.* Take away this villaine, shut him vp,*Boy.* Come you transgressing slave, away.*Clo.* Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.*Boy.* No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.*Clo.* Well, if euer I do see the merry dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.*Boy.* What shall some see?*Clo.* Nay nothing M. *Moth*, but what they looke vpon.It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their wordes, and therfore I will say nothing: I thanke God I haue as litle patience as an other man, & therfore I can be quiet. *Exit.**Arm.* I do affect the verie ground (which is base) where her shoo (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falsehood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar; Loue is a Diuell. There is no cuill angel but Loue, yet was *Sampson* so tempred, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he had a very good wit. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubb, and therefore too much oddes for a Spaniards Rapier: The first and second cause will not serue

III.

called Loues Labor's lost.

my turne : the *Pasado* he respects not, the *Duella* he regards not; his disgrace is to be called Boy, but his glorie is to subdue men. Adue Valoure, rust Rapier, be still Drum, for your manager is in loue; yea he louereth. Assist me some extemporall God of Rime, for I am sure I shall turne Sonnet, Deuise Wit, write Pen, for I am for whole volumes in folio. *Exit.*

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191-2

*Enter the Princesse of Fraunce, with three
attending Ladies and three Lordes.*

II.i

Boyet. Now Maddame summon vp your dearest spiritts,
Cosider who the King your father sendes:
To whom he sendes, and what his Embasie,
Your selfe, helde precious in the worldes esteeme,
To parlee with the sole inheritous
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchles *Nauar*, the plea of no lesse weight,
Then *Aquitaine* a Dowrie for a Queene,
Be now as prodigall of all Deare grace,
As Nature was in making Graces deare,
When she did starue the generall world beside,
And prodigally gaue them all to you.

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12

Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my beautie though but meane,
Needes not the painted florish of your prayse:
Beautie is bought by iudgement of the eye,
Not vtred by base sale of chapimens tongues:
I am lesse proude to heare you tell my worth,
Then you much willing to be counted wise,
In spending your Wit in the prayse of mine.
But now to taske the tasker, good *Boyet*,
You are not ignorant all telling fame
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath made a Vow,
Till painefull studie shall outweare three yeeres,
No Woman may approch his silent Court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needfull course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalfe
Bold of your worthnes, we singe you,

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B.1

As

II.i.

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

29 As our best mouing faire soliciter:
 Tell him, the Daughter of the King of France
 On serious busines crauing quicke dispatch,
 Importuous personall conference with his grace.
 +32 Haste, signifie so much while we attende,
 Like humble visage Suters his high will.

Boy. Proud of imployment, willingly I go. *Exit Boy.*

36 Prince. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so:
 Who are the Votaries my louing Lordes, that are vowfel-
 lowes with this vertuous Duke?

Lor. Longauill is one.

Princ. Know you the man?

40 1. *Lady.* I know him Maddame at a marriage feast,
 Betweene L. Perigort and the bewtious heire
 Of Iaques Faunbridge solemnized.
 In Normandie saw I this Longauill,
 +44 A man of soueraigne peerelis he is esleemid:
 Well fited in artes, glorious in armes:
 Nothing becomis him ill that he would well.
 The onely soyle of his fayre vertues glose,
 48 If vertues glose will staine with any soyle,
 Is a sharpe Wit matcht with too blunt a Will:
 Whose edge hath power to cut whose will still wils,
 It should none spare, that come within his power.

52 Prin. Some merrie mocking Lord belike, ist so?

Lad. They say so most, that most his humors know.

Prin. Such short liued wits do wither as they grow.
 Who are the rest?

56 2. *Lad.* The young Dumaine, a well accomplisht youth,
 Of all that Vertue loue, for Vertue loued,
 Most power to do most harme, least knowing ill:
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
 And shape to win grace though he had no wit.
 I saw him at the Duke ~~Alans~~ once,
 60 And much too little of that good I saw,
 Is my report to his great worthines.

64 3. *Lad.* An other of these Studentes at that time,
 Was there with him, if I haue heard a truch.

II.i

called Loues Labor's lost.

Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
 Within the limit of becomming mirth,
 I never spent an houres talke withall.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit,
 For every obiect that the one doth catch,
 The other turnes to a mirth-mooning iest,
 Which his fayre tongue (conceites expoter)
 Deliuers in such apt and gracious wordes,
 That aged cares play treuant at his tales.
 And younger hearinges are quite rauished,
 So sweete and voluble is his discourse.

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Prin. God blesse my Ladys, are they all in loue?
 That euery one her owne hath garnished,
 With such bedecking ornaments of praise,

Lord. Heere comes Boyet.

Enter Boyet.

Prin. Now, What admittance Lord?
 Boyet. Navar had notice of your faire approch,
 And he and his competitours in oth,
 Were all addrest to meeete you gentle Lady
 Before I came : Marrie thus much I haue learnt,
 He rather meanes to lodge you in the feelde,
 Like one that comes heere to besiege his Court,
 Then seeke a dispensation for his oth:
 To let you enter his vnpeede house.

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Enter Navar, Longauill, Dumaine, & Berowne.

Bo. Heere comes Navar.

Navar. Faire Princesse, Welcome to the court of Navar.

Prin. Faire I giue you backe againe, and welcome I haue
 not yet : the roose of this Court is too high to be yours, and
 welcome to the wide fieldes too base to be mine.

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Nav. You shalbe welcome Madame to my Court,

Prin. I wilbe welcome then, Conduct me thither.

Nav. Heare me deare Lady, I haue sworne an oth,

Prin. Our Lady helpe my Lord, he'l be forsworne.

Nav. Not for the worldefaire Madame, by my will,

Prin. Why, will shall breake it will, and nothing els.

96

Nav. Your Ladishyp is ignorant what it is,

Dram.

A pleasant concertee Comedee:

104 *Prin.* Were my Lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must proue ignorance.
I heare your grace hath sworne out Houskeeping:
Tis deadlie sinne to keepe that oath my Lord,
108 And sin to breake it: but pardon me, I am too sodaine bold,
To teach a teacher ill besemeth mee.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my comming,
And sodainelie resolute mee in my suite.

112 *Nan.* Madame I will, if sodainelie I may.

116 *Prin.* You will the sooner that I were awaie,
For youle proue periurde if you make me staie.

Berowne. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Kather. Did not I dance with you in *Brabant* once?

Ber. I know you did.

Kath. How needles was it then to aske the question?

Ber. You must not be so quicke.

Kath. Tis long of you that spur me with such questions,

Ber. Your wit's too hot, it speedes too fast, twill tire.

Kath. Not till it leaue the rider in the mire.

Ber. What time a day?

Kath. The houre that fooles shoule aske.

124 *Ber.* Now faire befall your maske,

Kath. Faire fall the face it couers.

Ber. And send you manie louers.

Kath. Amen, so you be none.

Ber. Nay then will I be gon.

128 *Ferd.* Madame, your father heere doth intimate,
The payment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
Being but the one halfe of, of an intire summe,
132 Disbursed by my father in his warres.
But say that he, or we, as neither haue
Receiud that summe, yet there remaines vnpaide
A hundred thousand more, in suretie of the which,
136 One part of *Aquitaine* is bound to vs,
Although not valued to the monies worth.
If then the King your father will restore,
But that one halfe which is vnsatisfised,
140 We will giue vp our right in *Aquitaine*,

ll.i.

called Loues Labor's lost.

And holde faire faiendship with his Maiestie,
But that it seemes he little purposeth:
For here he doth permaund to haue repaide,
A hundred thousand Crownes, and not demaunds
One paiment of a hundred thousand Crownes,
To haue his title live in *Aquitaine*.
Which we much rather had depart withall,
And haue the money by our father lent,
Then *Aquitaine*, so guelded as it is.
Deare Princesse were not his requestes so farr
From reasons yeelding, your faire selfe should make
A yeelding against some reason in my brest,
And go well satisfied to France againe.

Prim. You do the King my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so vnspeeming to confess receit,
Of that which hath so faithfully been paide.

Ferd. I do protest I never heard of it:
And if you proue ir, Ile repay it backe,
Or yeelde vp *Aquitaine*.

Princ. We arrest your worde.
Boyet you can produce acquittances,
For such a summe from spciall officers,
Of *Charles* his father.

Ferd. Satisfie mee so.
Boyet. So please your Grace, the packet is not come,
Where that and other specialties are bound:
To morrow you shall haue a sight of them.

Ferd. It shall suffise me; at which enteruiew
All liberal reason I will yeelde vnto.
Meane time receiue such welcome at my hand,
As honor (without breach of honor) may,
Make tender of to thy true worthines.
You may not come (faire Princesse) within my gates.
But here without you shalbe so receiude,
As you shall deeme your selfe lodgd in my hart.
Though so denide faire harbour in my house,
Your owne good thoughtes excuse me, and farewell.

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A pleasant conceited Comedie:

177 *To morow shall we visite you againe.*

Pri. Sweete health and faire desires consort your grace.

Na. Thy owne wish wish I thee in every place. *Exit.*

Ber. Ladie I will commend you to my none hart.

Rof. Pray you, do my commendations, I would be glad to see it.

Ber. I would you heard it grone.

Rof. Is the foole sick.

Ber. Sick at the hart.

Rof. Alacke, let it blood.

Ber. Would that do it good?

Rof. My Phisicke faies I,

Ber. Will you prickt with your eye,

Rof. No poynt, with my knife,

Ber. Now God saueth thy life.

Rof. And yours from long liuing.

Ber. I cannot stay thankes giving.

Exit.

Enter Dumaine.

Dum. Sir, I pray you a word, What Ladie is that same?

Boyet. The heire of *Alanjon*, *Rosalin* her name.

196 *Dum.* A gallant Lady *Mounstr*, fare you wel. *Exit.*

Longauill. I beseech you a word, What is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, and you saw her in the light,

Lon. Perchance light in the light, I desire her name?

Bo. She hath but one for her selfe, to desire that were a

Lon. Pray you sir, Whose daughter? *(shame.)*

Bo. Her mothers, I haue heard.

Lon. Gods blessing on your beard. *(bridge.)*

204 *Bo.* Good sir be not offended, She is an heire of *Falcon*.

Lon. Nay my colter is ended, She is a most sweet Ladie.

Bo. Not ynlike sir, that may be. *Exit Longauill.*

Enter Berowne.

Bero. Whars her name in the capp?

Boy. Katherin by good happ.

Ber. Is she wedded or no?

Boy. To her will sir, or so.

Ber. O you are welcome sir, adew.

Boy. Farewell to me sir, and welcome to you. *Exit Bero.*

called Loues Labor's lost.

Lady Maria. That last is Berowne, the merrie madcap L. 214
 Not a word with him but a iest,
Boy. And every iest but a word. 216
Prin. It was well done of you to take him at his word.
Boy. I was as willing to grapple as he was to boord. 218
Lady Ka. Two hot Sheepe's marie.
Bo. And wherefore not Shippes?
No Sheepe(sweete Lambe)ynlesse we feede on your lippes. 220
La. You Sheepe and I pasture : shall that finish the iest?
Bo. So you graunt pasture for me.
Lad. Not so gentle Beast. 222
 My lippes are no Common, though severall they be,
Bo. Belonging to whom?
La. To my fortunes and mee. 224
Prin. Good witts will be angling, but gentles agree,
 This ciuill warre of wittes were much better vsed
 On *Nazar* and his Bookmen, for heere tis abused. 226
Bo. If my obseruation(which very seldome lyes
 By the hartes still rethoricke, disclosed with eyes.
 Deceave me not now, *Nazar* is infected.
Prin. With what?
Bo. With that which we Louers intitle Affected. 232
Prin. Your reason.
Bo. Why all his behauours did make their retire,
 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desier. 236
 His hart like an Agot with your print impressed,
 Proud with his forme, in his eye pride expressed.
 His tongue all impatient to speake and noi see,
 Did stumble with haste in his ey-sight to bee,
 All fences to that fence did make their repaire,
 To seele only looking on fairest offaire: 240
 Me thought all his senses were lokt in his eye,
 As Jewels in Christall for some Prince to buy. (glast,
 Who tendering their owne worth from where they were
 Did poynt you to buy them along as you past. 244
 His faces owne margent did coate such amazes,
 That all eyes saw his eyes inchaunted with gazes.
 He give you *Aquitaine*, and all that is his, 248

II.i.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

249 And you giue him for my sake but one louing kisse.
 Prin. Come, to our Pavillion, Boyet is disposde
 Bo. But to speak that in words, which his eie hath discloſd.
 I onelie haue made a mouth of his eie,
 252 By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.
 Lad. Thou art an old Loue monger, & speakeſt ſkilfullly.
 Lad. 2. He is Cupids Graundfather, and learnes newes
 254 of him.
 Lad. 3. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is
 but grim.
 Boy. Do you heare my mad Wenches?
 Lad. No.
 256 Boy. What then, do you ſee?
 Lad. I, our way to be gone.
 257 Boy. You are too hard for mee *Exeunt omnes.*

III.i

Enter Braggart and his Boy
 Bra. Warble child make paſſionate my ſenſe of hearing,
 Boy. Concolinel.
 4 Brag. Sweete Ayer, go tendernes of yeeres, take this Key,
 giue enlargement to the Swaine, bring him festinarily hither,
 I muſt imploym him in a letter to my loue.
 9-8 Boy. Maister, will you win your loue with a frenche braule?
 Brag. How meanest thou? brawling in French.
 12 Boy. No my compleat Maister, but to ligge off a tune at
 the tongues ende, canarie to it with your ſeete, humour it
 with turning vp your eylids, ſigh a note and ſing a note ſom-
 time through the throate, if you ſwallowed loue with ſing-
 ing loue ſometime through: nose as if you ſnuffe vp loue by
 16+ ſmelling loue with your hat penthouse like ore the ſhop of
 your eyes with your armes croſt on your thinbellies doblet
 like a Rabbet on a ſpit, or your handes in your pocket like a
 20 man after the olde painting, and keepe not too long in one
 tune, but a ſnip and away: theſe are complementes, theſe
 24 are humours, theſe beſtriae nice wenches that would be be-
 traied without theſe, and make them men of note: do you
 note men that moſt are affected to theſe.
 27 Brag. How haſt thou purchased this expeſience?

called Lones Labor's lost.

Boy. By my penne of obseruation. 28
 Brag. But o but o.
 Boy. The Hobbie-horse is forgot.
 Brag. Calst thou my loue Hobbi-horse.
 Boy. No Maister, the Hobbi-horse is but a colt, and you^r loue perhaps, a hacknie : But haue you forgot your Loue? 32
 Brag. Almost I had.
 Boy. Necligent student, learne her by hart. 36
 Brag. By hart, and in hart boy.
 Boy. And out of hart Maister : all those three I will proue.
 Brag. What wilt thou proue? 40
 Boy. A man, if I liue (and this) by, in, and without, vpon the instant : by hart you loue her, because your hart cannot come by her ; in hart you loue her, because your hart is in loue with her ; and out of hart you loue her being out of hart that you cannot enioy her. 44
 Brag. I am all these three.
 Boy. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all. 48
 Brag. Fetch hither the Swaine, he must carrie me a letter.
 Boy. A message well sympathisid, a Horse to be embassadour for an Asse. 52
 Brag. Ha ha, What saiest thou.
 Boy. Marrie sir, you must send the Asse vpon the Horse, for he is vertie flow gated : but I go. 56
 Brag. The way is but short, away.
 Boy. As swift as Lead sir.
 Brag. The meaning prettie ingenius, is not Lead a mettal heauie, dull, and slow? 60
 Boy. Minnime honest Maister, or rather Maister no,
 Brag. I say Lead is slow. 64
 Boy. You are too swift sir to say so.
 Is that Lead slow which is fierd from a Gunne?
 Brag. Sweete smoke of Rhetorike, 68
 He reputes me a Cannon, and the Bullet thats hee:
 I shoothe thee at the Swaine.
 Boy. Thump then, and I flee.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Brag. A most acute Iuueuall, volable and free of grace,
 By thy fauour sweete Welkin, I must sigh in thy face:
 Most rude melancholic, Valour giues thee place.
 My Herald is returnd.

Enter *Page* and *Clomme*.

Page. A wonder Maister, Heers a *Coffard* broken in a shun.

Ar. Some enigma, some riddle, come, thy *Lenuoy* begin.

Cl. No egma, no tiddle, no *lenuoy*, no *salue*, in thee male sir.
 O sir, Plantan, a pline Plantan: no *lenuoy*, no *lenuoy*, no *Salue*
 sir, but a Plantan.

A. By vertue thou inforcest laughter, thy fillie thought,
 my spleene, the heaving of my lunges prouokes me to ridiculous smyling: O pardone me my startes, doth the inconsiderate take *salue* for *lenuoy*, and the word *lenuoy* for *salue*?

Page. Do the wise thinke them other, is not *lenuoy* a *salue*?

A. No *Page*, it is an epilogue or discourse to make plaine,
 Some obseure presedence that hath tofore bin saine.
 I will example it.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
 Were still at oddes being but three.

Ther's the morrall: Now the *lenuoy*.

Page. I will adde the *lenuoy*, say the morrall againe.

Ar. The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
 Were still at oddes, being but three.

Page. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
 And staied the oddes by adding four.

Now will I begin your morrall, and do you follow with
 my *lenuoy*.

The Foxe, the Ape, and the Humble-Bee,
 Were still at oddes being but three.

Ar. Vntill the Goose came out of doore,
 Staying the oddes by adding four.

Page. A good *lenuoy*, ending in the *Goose*: woulde you
 desire more?

Cl. The Boy hath sold him a bargaine, a *Goose*, that's flat.
 Sir, your penny-worth is good, and your *Goose* be fat.
 To sell a bargaine well is as cunning as fast and loose:

called Lenes Labor's loft.

Let me see a fat *Lenoy*, I thats a fat Goose. (begin.

Ar. Come hither, come hither: How did this argument

Boy. By saying that a *Coftard* was broken in a shin,

Then cald you for the *Lenoy*. (in,

Clow. True, and I for a Plantan, thus came your argument
Then the boyes fat *Lenoy*, the Goose that you bought,

and he ended the market.

Ar. But tel me. How was there a *Coftard* broken in a shin?

Pag. I will tell you sencibly,

Clow. Thou haft no feeling of it *Moth*, I will speake that
I *Coftard* running out that was safely within, (*Lenoy*.
Fell ouer the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talke no more of this matter.

Clow. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirra *Coftard*, I will infranchise thee.

Clow. Omarrie me to one Francis, I smell some *Lenoy*,
some Goose in this.

Arm. By my sweete soule, I meane, setting thee at libertie,
Enfreedoming thy person: thou wert emured, restrained,
captivated, bound.

Clown. True, true, and now you wilbe my purgation,
and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy libertie set thee from durance, and in
lewe thereof, impose on thee nothing but this. Beare this
significant to the countrey Maide *Iaqueretta*: there is remu-
neration, for the best ward of mine honour, is rewarding
my dependants. *Moth*, follow.

Pag. Like the sequell I. Signeur *Coftard* adew. *Exit.*

Clow. My sweete ouce of mans flesh, my in-conie Iew:
Now will I looke to his remuneration.

Remuneration, O that's the latine word for three-farthings:
Three-farthings remuration, What's the price of thisynele?
i.d. no, Ile give you a remuneration: Why? it carries it re-
muneration; Why? it is a fayrer name then French-Crowne,
I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Berowne.

Ber. O my good knaue *Coftard*, exceedingly well met.

Clow. Pray you sir, How much Carnation Ribbon may

D

a man

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144-5

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

148 a man buy for a remuneration?

Ber. O what is a remuneration?

Coſt. Marie ſir, halfeſennie farthing.

Ber. O, why then threesfarthing worth of Silke.

Coſt. I thanke your worship, God be wy you.

Ber. O ſtay ſlaue, I muſt employ thee.

152 As thou wilt win my fauour, good my knaue,
Do one thing for me that I ſhall intreate.

Clow. When would you haue it done ſir?

Ber. O this after-noone.

Clow. Well, I will do it ſir: Fare you well.

Ber. O thou knowest not what it is.

Clow. I ſhall know ſir when I haue done it.

Ber. Why villaine, thou muſt know firſt.

Clow. I will come to your worship to morrow morning.

Ber. It muſt be done this after noone,

164 Harke ſlaue, it is but this:

The Princesſe comes to hunt here in the Parke,

And in her traine there is a gentle Ladie;

When tongues ſpeake sweetely, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her, aske for her:

And to her white hand ſee thou do commend

This ſeald vp counſaile, Ther's thy guerdon i' goe.

172 *Clow.* Gardon, O ſweete gardon, better then remuneratiō,
a leuenpence-farthing better: moſt ſweete gardon. I will
do it ſir in print: gardon remuneration.

Exit.

175-6 *Ber.* O and I forſoth in loue, I that haue been loues whip?
A verie Bedell to a humerous ſigh, a Crietick, nay a night-
watch Conſtable.

180 A domineering pedant ore the Boy, then whom no mor-
tall ſo magniſcent.

This wimpled whyuing purblind wayward Boy,

This ſignior Junios gyant dwarffe, dan Cupid,

Regent of Loue-riimes, Lord of folded armes,

Th' annoynted ſoueraigne of ſighes and groones;

Liedge of all loyterers and malecontents:

Dread Prince of Placcats, King of Codpeeces.

III.i.

called Loves Labor's lost.

Sole Emperator and great generall
Of trotting Parrators(O my little hart.)
And I to be a Corporall of his fielde,
And weare his coloures like a Tumblers hoope,
What? I loue, I sue, I seeke a wife,
A woman that is like a lermanc Cloake,
Still a repairing:ever out of frame,
And never going a right,being a Watch:
But being watchr,that it may still go right.
Nay to be periurde, which is worst of all:
And among three to loue the worst of all,
A whitly wanton, with a velvet brow.
With two pitch balles stucke in her face for eyes,
I and by heauen,one that will do the deede,
Though *Argus* were her eunuch and her garde,
And I to sigh for her, to watch for her,
To pray for her, go to : it is a plague
That *Cupid* will impose for my neglect,
Of his almighty dreadfull little might.
Well,I will loue,write,sigh,pray,shue,grone,
Some men must loue my Ladie, and some Ione.

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Enter the Princeſſe, a Forreſter, her Ladys, and her Lordes.

IV.i.

Quee. Was that the king that spurd his horse so hard,
Against the steepe vp rising of the hill?

Forr. I know not, but I thinke it was not he.

Quee. Who ere a was, a showd a mounting minde,
Well Lords,to day we shall haue our dispatch,
Ore Saterday we will returne to Fraunce.
Then Forreſter my friend, Where is the Bush
That we must stand and play the murtherer in?

Forr. Heereby vpon the edge of yonder Coppice,
A Stand where you may make the faireſt ſhoote.

Quee. I thanke my Beautie,I am faire that ſhoote,
And thereupon thou ſpeakſt the faireſt ſhoote.

Forr. Pardon me Madam, for I meant not ſo,

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12

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

14 *Quee.* What what? First praise mee, and againe say no.

O short liu'd pride, Not faire? alacke for woe
For. Yes Madam faire.

16 *Quee.* Nay, neuer paint me now,
 Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow,
 Heere(good my glasse)take this fortelling crew:
 Faire payment for soule wordes, is more then dew.

20 *For.* No thing but faire is that which you inherrit.

Quee. See see, my beautie wilbe sau'd by merit,
 O heresy in faire, fit for these dayes,

A giuing hand, though fowle, shall haue faire praise.
 But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
 And shooting well, is then accounted ill:

Thus will I sauue my Credite in the shooote,

Not wounding, pittie would not let me doote.

28 If wounding then it was to shew my skill,
 That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.

And out of question so it is sometimes:

Glorie growes guyltie of detested crimes,
 When for Farnes sake, for praise an outward part,

We bend to that, the working of the hart.

As I for praise alone now secke to spill

The poore Deares blood, that my hart meanes no ill.

36 *Boy.* Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-soueraigntie
 Onely for praise sake, when they striue to be
 Lords ore their Lordes?

40 *Quee.* Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
 To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boyet. Here comes a member of the common wealth.

Clo. God dig-you-den al, pray you which is the head lady?

44 *Quee.* Thou shalt know her fellow by the rest that haue no

Clow. Which is the greatest Ladie, the highest? (heads,

Quee. The thickest, and the tallest.

48 *Clow.* The thickest, and the tallest: it is so, trueth is trueth.

And your waste Mistrs were as slender as my wit,

One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.

52 Are not you the chiefe woman? You are the thickest heere.

Q...

IV.i.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Que. Whats your will sir? Whats your will?

Clow. I haue a Letter from Monsier Berowne,
to one Ladie Rosaline.

Que. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine.
Stand a side good bearet, Boyet you can carue,
Breake vp this Capon.

Boyet I am bound to serue.

This letter is mistooke: it importeth none heere,
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Que. We will reade it, I sweare.
Breake the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boyet **B**Y heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible:
reedes. **S**true that thou art beautious, trueth it selfe that
thou art louelie: more faire then faire, beautifull then beau-
tious, truer then trueth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy
heroicall Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate
King *Cophetua* set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate
Begger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say,
Veni, vidi, vici: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O base
and obscure vulgar; *videlicet*, He came, See, and ouercame: +
He came, one; see, two; couercame, three. Who came? the
King. Why did he come? to see. Why did he see? to ouer-
come. To whom came he? to the Begger. Whatsaw he? the
Begger. Who ouercame he? the Begger. The conclusion is
victorie: On whose side? the King: the captiue is inricht, on
whose side? the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall, on
whose side? the Kinges: no, on both in one, or one in both.
I am the King(for so standes the comparison) thou the Beg-
ger, for so witnesseth thy lowlines. Shall I commande thy
loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I coulde. Shall I en-
treate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou exchange for rags
roabes, for tittles tytles, for thy selfe, mee. Thus expecting
thy replie, I prophane my lippes on thy foote, my eyes on
thy picture, and my hart on thy euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,
Don Adriana de Armatho.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:-

90 Thus dost thou heare the nemean Lion roare,
Gaint thee thou Lambe, that standest as his prayt
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.

93 But if thou striue(poore soule)what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

95 *Quic.* What plume of fetheris is he that indited this letter?
What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?

99 *Boy.* I am much deceiued but I remeber the stile.

103 *Quic.* Els your memorie is bad, going ore it crewhile.
Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantasime a Monarcho, and one that makes sport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates,

105 *Quic.* Thou fellow, a worde,
Who gaue thee this letter?

109 *Clow.* I tolde you my Lord.

112 *Quic.* To whom shouldest thou give it?

115 *Clow.* From my Lord to my Ladie.

118 *Quic.* From which Lord, to which Ladie?

121 *Clow.* From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maister of mine,
To a Ladie of France, that he calde *Rosaline*.

125 *Quic.* Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away,
Here sweete, put vp this, twil be thine anthoner day

128 *Boy.* Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

131 *Rosa.* Shall I teach you to know,

134 *Boy.* I my continent of beautie.

137 *Rosa.* Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

140 *Boy.* My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
hang me bythe necke, if horns that yeere miscarrie.

143 Finely put on.

146 *Rosa.* Well then I am the shooter.

149 *Boy.* And who is your Deare?

152 *Rosa.* If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not
neare. Finely put on in deede.

155 *Maria.* You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes
at the brow.

158 *Boyst.* But she her selfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?

161 *Rosa.* Shall I come vpon thee with an olde saying, that

....

called Loues Labor's lost.

was a man when King *Pippen* of Frannce was a litle boy, as touchiug the hit it.

Boy. So I may answere thee with one as olde that was a woman when queene *Guinouer* of Brittaine was a litle wench as toching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Exit.

Boy. And I cannot, cannot, cannot : and I cannot, an other
Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it. (can,

Mar. A marke marueilous wel shor, for they both did hit.

Bo. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark faies my *Lady*.
Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'the bow hand, yfaith your hand is out,
Clo. Indeed a'must shoor nearer, or hele neare hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will she get the vpshoot by cleaving the is in.

Ma. Come come, you talke greasely, your lips grow fowle.

Clo. Shes to hard for you at pricks, sir challeng her to bowle

Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good owle.

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete iestes, most inconie vulgar wit,
When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenly as it were, so fit.

Armatho ati toother side, o a most daintie man,

To see him walke before a *Lady*, and to heare her Fann.

To see him kisse his hand, & how most sweetly a wil sweare:

And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit,

Sowla, sowla.

Exeunt. Shoot within.

Enter *Dull, Holofernes, the Pedant and Nathaniel.*

Nat. Very reverent sport truly, and done in the testimonie
of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) *sanguis* in blood, ripe
as the Pomwater who now hangeth like a lewel in the care
of *Celo* the skie, the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like
a Crab on the race of *Terra* the soyle, the land, the earth.

Ouras Nath. Truly M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are
sweetly varried like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye
it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol-

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IV.ii.

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A pleasant conceited Comedie:

12 *Holo.* Sir *Nathaniel*, haud credo.

14 *Dul.* T was not a haud credo, twas a Pricket.

16 *Holo.* Most barbarous intimation: yet a kind of insinuation, as it were *in via*, in way of explication facere: as it were replication, or rather ostentare, to shew as it were his inclination after his vndressed, vnpolished, vneducated, vnpurified, vntaught, or rather vntutored, or ratherest vncertained fashion, to insert again my haud credo for a Deare.

20 *Dul.* I said the Deare was not a haud credo, twas a Pricket.

24 *Holo.* Twice fodd simplicitie, bis coctus, O thou monster ignorance, How deformed doost thou looke,

26 *Nath.* Sir he hath neuer fed of the dainties that are bred in a booke.

28 *Holo.* He hath not eate paper as it were: he hath not drunke inck, His intellect is not replenished, he is only an animall, only sensible in the duller partes: and such barren plantes are set before vs, that we thankful shoulde be: which we taste, and feeling, are for those partes that doe fructifie in vs more then he. (foole,

30 *Holo.* For as it would ill become me to be vaine, Indistrell, ora So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a schole. But *omne bene* say I, being of an olde Fathers minde, Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

34 *Dul.* You two are book-men, Can you tel me by your wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fwe weeks old as yet?

36 *Holo.* *dictisima* goodman *Dull*, *dictisima* goodman *Dull*.

38 *Dul.* What is *dictisima*?

40 *Holo.* A title to *Phœbe*, to *Luna*, to the *Moone*. (more.

42 *Holo.* The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was no And roght not to fwe weeks when he came to fivescore. Th'allusion holdes in the Exchange. (change.

44 *Dul.* Tis true in deede, the Collusion holdes in the Ex-

46 *Holo.* God comfort thy capacitie, I say th'allusion holdes in the Exchange.

48 *Dul.* And I say the polusion holdes in the Exchange: for the Moone is neuer but a month olde: and I say beside that, twas a Pricket that the Princesse kild.

called *Lones Labor's loſt.*

Holo. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporal Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour the igno-
taulcald the Deare; the Princessse kild a Pricket.

Nath. Perge, good M. *Holofernes* perge, so it shall please
you to abrogate Iquirilitie.

Holo. I wil somthing affect the letter, for it argues facilitie.

28 The prayfull Princeſſe pearſt and prickt

a prettie pleaſing Pricket,

Some ſay a Sore, but not a ſore,

till now made ſore with ſhooting.

The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,

then Sorell jumps from thicket:

Or Pricket ſore, or els Sorell,

the people fall a hooting.

If Sore be fore, then ell to Sore,

makes fifty ſores o ſorell;

Of one ſore I an hundred make

by adding but one more l.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him
with a talent.

Nath. This is a gyft that I haue ſimple: ſimple, a foolish
extrauagant ſpirit, full of formes, figures, ſhapes, obiectes,
Ideas, apprehentions, motions, revolutions. Theſe are begot in
the ventricle of Memorie, nouriſht in the wombe of prima-
ter, and deliuered vpon the mellowing of occation: But the
gyft is good in thoſe whom it is acute, and I am thankfull
for it.

Holo. Sir, I prayſe the L. for you, and ſo may my parifi-
oners, for their Sonnes are well tuterd by you, and their
Daughters profitie very greatly vnder you: you are a good
member of the common wealth.

Nath. Me hercle, yf their Sonnes be ingenous, they ſhal
want no instruction: If their Daughters be capable, I will
put it to them. But *Vir sapio qui pauca loquitur*, a ſoule Fem-
inine ſaluteth vs.

Enter

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A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Enter Jaquenetta and the Clowne.

Jaquenetta. God giue you good morrow M. Person.

Nath. Maister Person, *quasi* Person? And if one shoulde be perst, Which is the one? (head.)

Clo. Marrie M. Scholemaster, he that is liklest to a hoggs-

Nath. Of persing a Hogshead, a good luster of conceit in a turph of Earth, Fier enough for a Flint, Pearle enough for a Swine: tis prettie, it is well.

Jaue. Good M. Parson be so good as read me this letter, it was geuen me by *Costard*, and sent me from *Don Armatho*: I beseech you read it.

Nath. *Facile precor gellida, quando pecas omnia sub umbraru-*minat, and so foorth. Ali good olde *Mantuan*, I may speake of thee as the traueler doth of *Venice, vemchie, venchia, que non te vnde, que non te perreche*. Olde *Mantuan*, olde *Mantuan*, Who vnderstandeth thee not, loues thee not, *ut re sol la mi fa*: Vnder pardon sir, What are the contentes? or rather as *Hor-*race layes in his, What my soule verses.

Holo. I sir, and very learned.

Nath. Let me heare a staffe, a stauze, a verse, *Lege domine*: If Loue make me forsworne, how shall I sweare to loue? Ah neuer sayth could hold, yf not to beautie vowed. Though to my selfe forsworne, to thee Ile saythfull proue. Those thoughts to me were Okes, to thee like Osters bowed. Studie his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eyes. Where all those pleasures liue, that Art would comprehend. If knowledge be the marke, to know thee shall suffice. Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee command. All ignorant that soule, that sees thee without wonder. Which is to mee some prayse, that I thy partes admire, Thy eie *Ioues* lightning beares, thy voyce his dreadfull thuder. Which not to anger bent, is musique, and sweete fier. Celestiall as thou art, Oh pardon loue this woung, That singes heauens prayse, with such an earthly tong.

Pedan. You finde not the apostrophas, and so misse the accent. Let me superuise the cangenet.

Nath. Here are onely numbers ratified, but for the ele-

called Loues Labor's lost.

gancie, facilitie, and golden cadence of poesie caret: *Oniddius Naso* was the man. And why in deed *Naso*, but for smeling out the odoriferous flowers of fancie? the ierkes of inuention imitarie is nothing: So doth the Hound his maister, the Ape his keeper, the tyred Horse his rider: But *Damosella virgin*, Was this directed to you?

Iaq. I sit from one mounstier *Berowne*, one of the strange Queenes Lordes.

Nath. I will ouerglaunce the superscript.

To the snow-white hand of the most bewtious Lady Rosaline.
I will looke againe on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the partie written to the person written vnto.

Your Ladisships in all desired imployment, *Berowne.*

Ped. Sir *Holofernes*, this *Berowne* is one of the *Votaries* with the King, and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger Queenes; which accidentally, or by the way of progesstion, hath miscarried. Trip and goe my sweete, deliver this Paper into the royll hand of the King, it may concerne much: stay not thy complement, I forigne thy dewtie, adue.

Mayd. Good *Coffard* go with me: sir God sauе your life.

Coff. Haue with thee my girle.

Exit.

Holo. Sir you haue done this in the feare of God verie religiously: and as a certayne Father saith

Ped. Sir tell not mee of the Father, I do seare colourable coloures. But to returne to the Verses, Did they please you sir *Nathaniell?*

Nath. Marueilous well for the pen.

Peda. I do dine to day at the fathers of a certayne pupill of mine, where if (before repast) it shall please you to gratifie the table with a Grace, I will on my priuiledge I haue with the parentes of the foresaid childe or pupill, vndertake yout *biu venuto*, where I will proue those Verses to be very vnlerned, neither sauouring of Poetrie, wit, nor inuention. I beseech your societie.

Nath. And thanke you to: for societie (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Peda. And certes the text most infallibly concludes it,

F. a.

Sir

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

170 Sir I do invite you too, you shall not say me nay : *panca verba.*
 Away, the gentles are at their game, and we will to our re-
 creation.

Exeunt.

173 *Enter Berowne with a paper in his hand, alone.*

Berow. The King he is hunting the Deare,

I am coursing my selfe.

4 They haue pitcht a Toyle, I am toyling in a pytch, pytch
 that defiles ; defile, a foule worde : Well, set thee downe
 sorrow; for so they say the foole sayd, and so say I, and I the
 foole : Well proued wit. By the Lord this Loue is as madd
 8 as *Ajax*, it kills Sheepe, it kills mee, I a Sheepe well proued
 againe a my side. I will not loue ; if I do hang nee : I'fayth
 12 I will not. O but her eye : by this light, but for her eye, I
 would not loue her; yes for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing
 16 in the world but lie, and lie in my throate. By heauen I doe
 loue, and it hath taught me to time, and to be malicholie:
 20 and heere is part of my Rime, and heare my malicholie.
 Well, she hath one a'my Sonnets already, the Clowne bore
 24 it, the Foole sent it, and the Lady hath it : sweete Clowne,
 sweete Foole, sweetest Lady. By the worlde, I woulde not
 28 care a pin, if the other three were in. Heere comes one with
 a paper, God giue him grace to grone.

He standes a side. *The King entreth.*

King. Ay mee!

25 *Be.* Shot by heauen, proceed sweet *Cupid*, thou hast thumpt
 him with thy Birdbolt vnder the left papp : in fayth secrets,

27 *King.* So sweete a kisse the golden Sunne giues not,
 To those fresh morning dropps vpon the Rose,
 As thy eye beames, when their fresh rayse haue sinot.

30 The night of dew that on my cheekes downe flowes,
 Nor shines the siluer Moone one halfe so bright,
 Through the transparent bosome of the deepe,
 As doth thy face through teares of mine giue light:

34 Thou shinst in euerie teare that I do weepe,

No drop but as a Coach doth carrie thee:

So ridest thou triumphing in my wo.

37 Do but beholde the teares that swell in me,

And they thy glorie through my griefe will show:

called Loues Labor's lost.

But do not loue thy selfe, then thou will keepe
My teares for glasse, and still make me weepe.
O Queene of queenes, how fatte doost thou excell,
No thought can thinke, nor tongue of mortall tell.
How shall she know my grieses? He drop the pader.
Sweete leaues shadefollie. Who is he comes heere?
Enter Longauill. *The King steps a side.*

What *Longauill*, and reading: listen eare.

Berow. Now in thy likenesse, one more foole appeare.
Long. Ay mee! I am forsworne,
Berow. Why he comes in like a periure, wearing papers,
Long. In loue I hope, sweete fellowship in shame.
Ber. One drunckard loues an other of the name,
Long. Am I the first that haue been periurd so?
Ber. I could put thee in comfort, not by two that I know,
Thou makest the triumpherie, the corner cap of societie,
The shape of Loues Tiburne, that hanges vp Simplictie.
Long. I feare these stubborne lines lacke power to moue.
O sweete Maria, Empresse of my Loue,
These numbers will I teare, and write in prose,
Ber. O Rimes ate gardes on wanton Cupids hose,
Disfigure not his Shop.

Long. This same shall go. *He reads the Sonnet.*

¶ Did not the heanenly Rethorique of thine eye,
Gainst whom the world cannot holde argument,
Perswade my hart to this false periurie?
Vowes for thee broke deserue not punishment.
A Woman I forswore, but I will proue,
Thou being a Goddesse, I forswore not thee.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heauenly Loue.
Thy grace being gainde, cures all disgrace in mee.
Vowes are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
Then thou faire Sunne, which on my earth doost shine,
Exhalst this vapour-vow in thee it is:
Is broken then, it is no fault of mine:
If by mee broke, What foole is not so wise,
To loose an oth, to winn a Parradise?
Bero. This is the lyuer veine, which makes flesh a deitie.

38-9

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†

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47

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54

56

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60†

63

67

71

73

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

†75 **A greene Goose, a Goddessē, pure pure ydotarie.**
God amende vs, God ainende, we are much out a th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Long. By whom shall I send this (companie?) Stay.

78 *Berow.* All hid, all hid, an olde infant play,
Like a demie God, here sit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles secrets heedfully ore ey.
More Sacks to the myll. O heauens I haue my wysh,
Dumaine transformed, foure Woodcocks in a dysb.

Duma. O most deuine *Kate.*

Berow. O most prophane coxcombe,

Duma. By heauen the woonder in a mortall eye,

Ber. By earth she is not, cropotall, there you ly.

Duma. Her Amber heires for foule hath amber coted.

Ber. An amber colourd Rauen was well noted,

Duma. As vpright as the Ceder,

Ber. Stoope I say, her shoulder is with child,

Duma. As faire as day.

Ber. I as some dayes, but then no Sunne must shine,

Duma. O that I had my wish?

Long. And I had mine.

King. And mine too good Lord,

Ber. Amen, so I had mine: Is not that a good word?

Duma. I would forget her, but a Feuer shee

96 *Raignes* in my blood, and will remembred be.

Ber. A Feuer in your blood why then incision

Would let her out in Sawcers, sweete misprison.

Dum. Once more Ile reade the Odo that I haue writ.

Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can varrie Wit.

Dumaine readeas his Sonnet.

101 On a day, alacke the day:

Loue, whose Month is euer May:

Spied a blossome pasling faire,

Playing in the wanton aire:

Through the Veluer, leaues the wind,

All vnseene, can passage finde:

That the Louer sickle to death,

called *Loues Labor's lost.*

Wish himselfe the heauens breath.

108

Ayre(quoth he) thy cheeke may blow,

Ayre would I might triumph so.

But alacke my hand is sworne,

Nere to plucke thee from thy thronne:

112

Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,

Youth so apt to pluck a sweete.

Do not call it sinne in me,

116

That I am forsworne for thee;

Thou for whom *Loue* would sware,

Loue but an *Ethiop* were,

And denie himselfe for *Loue*,

Turning mortall for thy loue.

120

This will I send, and something els more plaine,

That shall expresse my trueloues fasting paine.

O would the *King*, *Berowne*, and *Longauill*,

Were Louers too, ill to example ill,

124

Would from my forehead wip a periurde note:

For none offendeth, where all alike do dote,

Long. *Dumaine* thy *Loue* is farre from charitie,

†

That in loues griefe desirft societie:

128

Ye may looke pale, but I should blush I know,

To be ore-hard and taken napping so.

†

King. Come sir, you blush: as his, your case is such,

132

You chide at him, offending twice as much.

You do not loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,

Did neuer Sonnet for her sake compile,

Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart

136

His louing bosome, to keepe downe his hatt,

I haue been closely shrowded in this bush,

And markt you both, and for you both did blush.

I heard your guyltie Rimes, obserude your fashion:

Saw sighes reeke from you, noted well your passion.

140

Ay mee sayes one! O *Loue* the other cryes!

One her haire were Golde, Christal the others eyes.

You would for Parradise breake Fayth and troth,

And *Loue* for your *Loue* would infringe an oth.

What will *Berowne* say when that he shall heare

144

IV.iii.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Fayth infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
 How will he scorne, how will he spende his wit?
 How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
 For all the wealth that euer I did see,
 I would not haue him know so much by mee.

Bero. Now step I foorth to whip hipocrisie.
 Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.
 Good hart, What grace hast thou thus to reprove
 These Wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
 Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
 There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
 Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:
 Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting,
 But are you not a shamed? nay, are you not
 All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
 You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see;
 But I a Beame do finde in each of three.
 O what a Scæne of foolrie haue I seene,
 Of fighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of reene:
 O mee, with what strickt patience haue I sat,
 To see a King transformed to a Gnat.
 To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
 And profound *Sallomon* to tune a ligge.
 And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
 And *Crittick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
 Where lies thy grieve, o tell me good *Dumaine*?
 And gentle *Longauis*, where lies thy paine?
 And where my Liedges? all about the brest,
 A Caudle hou!

King. Too bitter is thy iest
 Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber. Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.
 I that am honest, I that holde it sinne
 To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
 I am betrayed by keeping companie
 With men like men of inconstancie.
 When shall you see mee write a thing in rime?
 Or grone for Loue? or spende a minutes time,

IV.iii.

called Loues Labor's lost.

In pruning mee when shall you heare that I will prayse a
183
hand, a foote, a face, an eye : a gate, a state, a brow, a brest,
a waft, a legge, a limme.

King. Soft, Whither away so fast?

A true man, or a cheefe, that gallops so.

Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let me go.

Iaqn. God blesse the King. *Enter Iaquinetta and Clovne.*

King. What present hast thou there?

Clov. Some certaine treason.

King. What makes treason heere?

Clov. Nay it makes norhing sir.

King. Yf it marr nothing neither,

The treason and you goe in peace away togeather.

Iaque. I beseech your Grace let this Letter be read,
Our person misdoubts it : twas treason he said

King. Berowne reade it ouer. *Hereadeth the letter.*

King. Where hadst thou it?

Iaqn. Of Ciftard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Coff. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

Kin. How now, What is in you? Why dost thou teare it?

Ber. A toy my Leedge, a toy : your grace needs not feare it.

Long. It did moue him to passion, & therfore lets heare it.

Dum. It is Berownes writing, an heere is his name,

Berow. Ah you whoreson loggerhead, you were borne to
do me shame.

Guiltie my Lord, guiltie : I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Ber. That you three sooles, Jackt me foole, to make vp the
Hee, hee, and you : and you my Leege, and I,
Are pick-purses in Loue, and we deserue to die.

O dismisse this audience, and I shall tell you more,

Duma. Now the number is even.

Bero. True true, we are fower : will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence sirs away.

Clov. Walke aside the true folke, and let the traytors stay.

Ber. Sweete Lords, sweete Louers, O let vs imbrace,
As true we are as flesh and blood can be,

183

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214 (St. of 6)

A peasant conceited Comedie:

216

The Sea will ebb and flow, heauen shew his face:
 Young blood doth not obey an olde decree,
 We can not crosse the cause why we were borne:
 Therefore of all handes must we be forsworne.

219

King. What did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?

221

Ber. Did they quoth you? Who sees the heauenly Rosaline,
 That (like a rude and sauadge man of Inde.)

(17 fourt)

At the first opning of the gorgious East,
 Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blind,
 Kisses the base ground with obedient breast.

225

What peromptorie Eagle-sighted eye
 Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
 That is not blinded by her maiestie?

229

King. What zeale, what furie, hath inspirde thee now?
 My Loue (her Mistres) is a gracious Moone,
 Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light.

233

Ber. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Berowne,
 O, but for my Loue, day would turne to night,
 Of all complexions the culd soueraigntie,
 Do meeete as at a faire in her faire cheeke,
 Where seuerall worthies make one dignitie,
 Where nothing wantes, that want it selfe doth secke,
 Lend me the florish of all gentle tonges,
 Fie paynted Rethoricke, O shee needes it not,
 To thinges of sale, a sellers prayse belongs:
 Shee passes prayse, then prayse too short doth blot,
 A witherd Hermight fivescore winters worne,
 Might shake off fiftie, looking in her eye:
 Beautie doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
 And giues the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
 Otis the Sunne that maketh all things shine.

245

King. By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.

+

Berow. Is Ebonie like her? O word deuine!

249

A wife of such wood were felicitie,
 O who can giue an oth? Where is a booke?
 That I may sweare Beautie doth beautie lacke,
 If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
 No face is fayre that is not full so blacke.

IV.iii.

called Lones Labor's loft.

King. O paradox, Blacke is the badge of Hell,
The hue of dungions, and the Schoole of night :
And beauties crest becomes the heauens well.

Ber. Dinel's soonest tenipt resembling spirites of light,
O if in blacke my Ladys browes be deckt,
It mournes, that painting usurping haire
Should rauish dooters with a falle aspects
And therefore is she borne to make blacke sayre,
Her fauour turnes the fashion of the dayes,
For natvie blood is counted paynting now,
And therefore redd that would auoyde disprayse,
Paintes it selfe blacke, to imitate her brow.

Duma. To looke like her are Chimnie-sweepers blake.

Long. And fince her time are Colliers counted bright,

King. And *Aethiops* of their sweete complexion crake.

Duma. Darke needes no Candles now, for darke is light.

Ber. Your Mistresses dare neuer come in raine,
For feare their colours should be washt away.

King. Twere good yours did: for sir to tell you plaine,
Ile finde a fayrer face not washt to day.

Ber. Ile proue her faire, or talke till doomse-day heere.

King. No Diuell will fright thee then so much as shee.

Duma. I neuer knew man holde vyle stuffe so deare.

Long. Looke, heer's thy loue, my foote and her face see.

Ber. O if the streetes were paued with thine eyes,
Her feete were much too daintie for such tread.

Duma. O vyle, then as she goes what vpward lyes?
The streete should see as she walke ouer head.

King. But what of this, are we not all in loue?

Ber. O nothing so sure, and thereby all forsworne.

King. Then leaue this chat, and good *Berowne* now proue
Our louing lawfull, and our fayth not borne.

Duma. I marie there, some flatterie for this euyll.

Long. O some authoritie how to proceede,
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheate the diuell.

Duma. Some falue for periutie,

Ber. O tis more then neede,

Haue at you then affections men at armes,

254

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290

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Consider what you first did sweare vnto;
 To fast, to study, and to see no woman:
 Flat treason gainst the kingly state of youth.
 Say Can you fast? your stomacks are too young:
 And abstinence ingenders maladies,
 And where that you haue vowd to studie (Lordes)
 In that each of you haue forsworne his Booke.
 Can you still dreame and poare and thereon looke.
 For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
 Haue found the ground of Studies excellence,
 Without the beautie of a womans face?
 From womens eyes this doctrine I deriuie,
 They are the Ground, the Bookes the Achadems,
 From whence doth spring the true *Promethean fire*.
 Why vniuersall plodding poysons vp
 The nimble spriates in the arteries,
 As motion and long during action tyres
 The sinnowy vigour of the trauayler.
 Now for not looking on a womans face,
 You haue in that forsworne the vse of eyest
 And studie too, the causer of your vow.
 For where is any Authour in the worlde,
 Teaches such beautie as a womans eye:
 Learning is but an adiunct to our selfe,
 And where we are, our Learning likewise is.
 Then when our selues we see in Ladies eyes,
 With our selues.
 Do we not likewise see our learning there?
 O we haue made a Vow to studie, Lordes,
 And in that Vow we haue forsworne our Bookes:
 For when would you (my Leedge) or you, or you?
 In leaden contemplation haue found out
 Such fierie Numbers as the prompting eyes,
 Of beautis tutors haue inricht you with:
 Other slow Artes intirely keepe the braines:
 And therefore finding barraine practizers,
 Scarce shew a haruest of their heauie toyle.

(see 320)

300

(see 350)

304

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312

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316

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317

(see 299, 320)

324

But

called Loues Labor's lost.

But Loue first learned in a Ladies eyes,
Lives not alone emured in the braine :
But with the motion of all clamentes,
Courses as swift as thought in euery power,
And giues to every power a double power,
Aboue their funtions and their offices.

328

It addes a precious seeing to the eyes:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde.
A Louers eare will heare the lowest sound.
When the suspitious head of theft is stopt,
Loues feeling is more soft and sensible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles,

332

Loues tongue proues daintie, *Bacchus* grosse in taste,
For Valoure, is not Loue a *Hercules*?

336

Still clyming trees in the *Hesperides*.
Subtil as *Sphinx*, as sweete and muscall,
As bright *Appolas* Lute, strung with his haire,
And when Loue speakes, the voyce of all the Goddes,
Make heauen drowsie with the harmonic.

340

Neuer durst Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Incke were tempred with Loues fighes :

344

O then his lines would rauish sauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.

(see 303.)

From womens eyes this doctrine I deriuie,
They sparcle still the right promethean fier,
They are the Bookes, the Artes, the Achademes,
That shew, containe, and nourish all the worlde.
Els none at all in ought proues excellent.

352

Then fooles you were, these women to forsware:
Or keeping what is sworne, you will proue fooles,
For Wisedomes sake, a worde that all men loue:

356

Or for Loues sake, a worde that loues all men,
Or for Mens sake, the authour of these Women:
Or Womens sake, by whom we Men are Men.
Let vs once loose our othes to finde our selues,
Or els we loose our selues, to keepe our othes:
It is Religion to be thus forsworne.

360

363

IV.iii.

A pleasant concited Comedie.

364

For Charitie it selfe fulfilles the Law:
And who can seuer Loue from Charitie.

King. Saint Cupid then and Souldiers to the field,
Berow. Aduaunce your standars, and vpon them Lords.

368

Pell, mell, downe with them: but be first aduisd,
In conflict that you get the Sunne of them.

372

Long. Now to plaine dealing Lay these glozes by,
Shall we resolute to woe these gyrls of Fraunce?

King. And winn them too, therefore let vs devise,
Some enterteinment for them in their Tentes.

376

Ber. First from the Parke let vs conduct them thither,
Then homeward every man attach the hand
Of his faire Mistres, in the after noone
We will with some strange pastime solace them:
Such as the shortnesse of the time can shape,
For Reuels, Daunces, Maskes, and merrie houres,
Forerunne faire Loue, strewing her way with flowers.

380

King. Away, away, no time shalbe omitted,
That will be time and may by vs befitted.

382

Ber. Alone alone fowed Cockell, reapt no Corne,
And Iustice alwayes whirles in equall measure:
Light Wenches may proue plagues to men forsome,
If so our Copper byes no better treasure.

386

V.i.

Enter the Pedant, the Curat, and Dull.

Pedant. Satis quid sufficit.

Curat. I prayle God for you sir, your reasons at Dinnet
have been sharpe & sententious: pleasant without scurillitie,
wittie without affection, audatious without impudencie,
learned without opinion, and strange without heresie: I did
conuerse this quondam day with a companion of the kings,
who is intituled, nommated, or called, *Don Adriano de Ar-
matho.*

Ped. *Noui hominum tanquam te,* His humour is loftie, his
discourse peremptorie: his tongue fyled, his eye ambitious,
his gate maiesticall, and his generall behauour vaine, redicu-
lous, & thrasonicall. He is too picked, to spruce, too affected,
to od as it were, too peregrinat as I may call it,

called *Loues Labor's loſt*.

Curat. A most singuler and choyce Epithat,

Draw-out his Table-booke.

Peda. He draweth out the thred of his verbositie, finer
then the staple of his argument. I abhorre such phanatticall
phantasims, such infociable and poynt devise companions,
such rackers of ortagraphie, as to speake dout fine, when he
should say doubt; det, when he shold pronounce debt; d e b t,
not det: he clepeth a Calf, Cause: halfe, haufe: neighbour
vocatur nebour; neigh abreuiated ne : this is abhominable,
which he would call abhominable, it insinuateth me of in-
famie : *ne intelligis domine, to make frantique lunatique?*

Curat. *Laus deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. *Bome boor for boon prescian, a litle scratcht, twil scru.*

Enter Bragart, Boy.

Curat. *Vides ne quis venit?*

Peda. *Video, et gaudio.*

Brag. Chirra.

Peda. *Quari Chirra, not Sirra?*

Brag. Men of peace well incontred.

Ped. Most millitarie sir salutation,

Boy. They haue been at a great feast of Languages, and
stolne the scraps.

Clow. O they haue lyud long on the almsbasket of wordes.
I maruaile thy M·hath not eaten thee for a worde, for thou
art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus:
Thou art easier swallowed then a flapdragon.

Page. Peace, the peale begins.

Brag. Mounsier, are you not lettred?

Page. Yes yes, he teaches boyes the Horne-booke: What
is Ab speld backward with the horne on his head?

Poda. Ba, puericia with a horne added, *learning.*

Pag. Ba most seely Sheepe, with a horne: you heare his

Peda. *Quis quis thou Consonant?*

Pag. The last of the fīue Vowels if You repeate them,
or the fist if I.

Peda. I will repeate them: a e I.

Pag. The Sheepe, the other two concludes it o u.

Brag. Now by the fault wane of the meditaranium, a
sweete

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24

28

31-2

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47-8

52

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59-60

*

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

64 sweete tutch, a quicke vene we of wit, snip snap, quicke and home, it reioyceth my intellect, true wit.

Page. Offerd by a childe to an old man: which is wit-old.

Peda. What is the figure? What is the figure?

Page. Hornes.

Peda. Thou disputes like an Infant: goe whip thy Gigg.

Page. Lende me your Horne to make one, and I will whip

about your Infamie *vnū citā a gigge of a Cuckolds horne.*

Clow. And I had but one peny in the world thou shouldest

haue it to buy Ginger bread: Holde, there is the verie

Remuneration I had of thy Maister, thou halfeppennie

purse of wit, thou Pidgin-egge of discretion. O and the

heauens were so pleased, that thou wart but my Ba-

stard; What a ioyfull father wouldest thou make me?

Go to, thou hast it *ad dungilar* at the fingers ends, as they say.

Peda. Oh I smell false Latine, dunghel for vnguem.

Brag. *Artf*-man *preambulat*, we will be singuled from the
barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the *Charg*-house
on the top of the Mountaine?

Peda. Or *Mons* the hill,

Brag. At your sweete pleasure, for the Mountaine.

Peda. I do *sans question*.

Bra. Sir, it is the Kings most sweete pleasur & affection,
to congratulat the Princesse at her Pavillion, in the *posterior*
of this day, which the rude multitude call the after-noone.

Peda. The *posterior* of the day, most genetous sir, is liable,
congruent, and measurable for the after noone: the worde is
well culd, chose, sweete, & apt I do assure you sir, I do assure.

Brag. Sir, the King is a noble Gentleman, and my fami-
lier, I do assure ye very good friende: for what is inwardre
betweene vs, let it passe. I do beseech thee remember thy
curtesie. I beseech thee apparell thy head: and among other
important and most serious designes, and of great import in
decde. too: but let that passe, for I must tell thee it will
please his Grace (by the worlde) sometime to leane vpon
my poore shoulder, and with his royll finger thus dallie
with my excrement, with my mustachie: but sweete hart
let that passe. By the world I recount no fable, some certaine
special

called Loues Labor's lost.

special honours it pleaseth his greatnes to impart to *Armado*
 a Souldier, a man of trauayle, that hath seene the worlde : but
 let that passe; the very all of all is: but sweet hart, I do implore
 secrete, that the King would haue me present the Princesse
 (sweete chuck) with some delightfull ostentation, or show,
 or pageant, or antique, or fierworke : Now vnderstanding
 that the Curate and your sweete selfe, are good at such eru-
 tions, and sodaine breaking out of myrrh (as it were) I haue
 acquainted you withall, to the ende to craue your assistance.

Peda. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies,
Sir Holofernes, as concerning some entertainement of time,
 some show in the posterior of this day, to be rended by our
 assistants the Kinges commaund, and this most gallant il-
 lustre and learned Gentleman, before the Princesse : I say
 none so fit as to present the nine Worthies.

Curat. Where will you finde men worthie enough to pre-
 sent them?

Peda. *Iosua*, your selfe, my selfe, and this gallant Gentle-
 man *Iudas Machabeus*; this Swaine (because of his great lim
 or ioynt) shall passe *Pompey the great*, the Page *Hercules*.

Brag. Pardon sir, error: He is not quantitie enough for
 that worthies thumbe, he is not so big as the end of his Club.

Peda. Shall I haue audience? He shall present *Hercules*
 in minoritie: his enter and exit shalbe strangling a Snake;
 and I will haue an Apologie for that purpose.

Page. An excellent device: so if any of the audience hisse,
 you may cry, Well done *Hercules*, now thou crushest the
 Snake; that is the way to make an offence gracious, though
 few haue the grace to do it.

Brag. For the rest of the Worthies?

Peda. I will play three my selfe.

Page. Thrice worthie Gentleman.

Brag. Shall I tell you a thing?

Peda. We attende.

Brag. We will haue, if this fadge nor, an Antique. I be-
 seekch you follow.

Peda. *Vix good-man Dull*, thou haft spoken no worde all
 this while.

Dull

V.i.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

158 *Dull.* Nor vnderstoode none neither sir.

160 *Ped.* Alone, we will employ thee.

162 *Dull.* Ile make one in a daunce, or so : or I will play on the Taber to the worthies, and let them dance the hey.

164 *Peda.* Most *Dull*, honest *Dull*, to our sport: away. *Exeunt.*

V.ii.

Enter the Ladyes.

4 *Quee.* Sweete hartes we shalbe richere we depart,
8 *Yf Fayrings come thus plentifully in.*
12 *A Ladie walde about with Diamondes:* Looke you, what I
16 haue from the louing King.

20 *Ros.* Madame, came nothing els along with that?

24 *Quee.* Nothing but this: yes as much loue in Rime,
28 As would be crambd yp in a sheete of paper,
32 Writ a both sides the leafe, margent and all,
36 That he was faine to seale on Cupids name.

40 *Ros.* That was the way to make his god-head Wax:
44 For he hath been fие thousand yeere a Boy.

48 *Kath.* I and a shrowde vnhappie gallowestoo.

52 *Ros.* Youle neare be friendes with him, a kild your sister.

56 *Kath.* He made her melancholie, sad, and heauie,
60 And so she died: had she bin Light like you, of such a merry
64 nimble stiring spirit, she might a bin Grandam ere she died.
68 And so may you: For a light hart liues long.

72 *Ros.* Whats your darke meaning mouce, of this light word?

76 *Kath.* A light condition in a beautie darke.

80 *Ros.* We neede more light to finde your meaning out,

84 *Kath.* Yole marie the light by taking it in snusse:
Therefore Ile darkly ende the argument.

88 *Ros.* Looke what you do, you do it still i'th darke,

92 *Kath.* So do not you, for you are a light Wench.

96 *Ros.* In deede I waigh not you, and therefore light.

100 *Kath.* You waigh me not, O thats you care not for me.

104 *Ros.* Great reason: for past care, is still past cure.

108 *Quee.* Well bandied both, a set of Wit well played.
112 But *Rosaline*, you haue a Fauout too?
116 Who sent it? and what is it?

Ros.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Ros. I would you knew,
And if my face were but as faire as yours,
My Fauour were as great, be witnesse this,
Nay I haue Veates too, I thanke *Berowne*,
The numbers true, and were the numbring too,
I were the fayrest Goddesse on the ground,
I am comparede to twentie thousand fairs.
O he hath drawen my picture in his letter.

Quee. Any thing like?
Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.
Quee. Beauteous as Incke: a good conclusion.
Kath. Faire as a text B in a Coppie booke.
Ros. Ware pensalls, How? Let me not die your debtor,
My red Dominicall, my golden letter,
O that your face were not so full of Oes.

Quee. A Poxe of that icht, and I beshow all Shrowes,
But *Katherine* what was sent to you
From faire *Dumaine*?

Kath. Madame, this *Gloue*,
Quee. Did he not send you twaine?
Kath. Yes Madame: and moreouer,
Some thousand Verses of a faithfull Louer,
A hudge translation of hipocrisie,
Vildly compyled, profound simplicitie.

Marg. This, and these Pearle, to me sent *Longauile*.
The Letter is too long by halfe a mile.

Quee. I thinke no lesse: Dost thou not wish in hart
The Chaine were longer, and the Letter short.

Marg. I, or I would these handes might neuer part,
Quee. We are wise girtles to mocke our Louers so.

Ros. They are worse fooles to purchase mocking so,
That faire *Berowne* ile torture ere I go,
O that I knew he were but in by th'weeke,
How I would make him fawne, and begge, and seeke,
And wayte the season, and obserue the times,
And spend his prodigall wittes in bootles rimes,
And shape his seruice wholly to my deuice,
And make him proude to make me proude that iestes,

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

71 So perttaunt like would I ore'sway his state,
That he should be my foole, and I his fate.

72 *Quic.* None are so surely caught, when they are catcht,
As Wit turnde Foole, follie in Wisedome hatcht:
Hath Wisedomes warrant, and the heipe of Schoole,
And Wits owne grace to grace a learned Foole.

73 *Ros.* The blood of youth burns not with such excesse,
As grauities reuolt to wantons be.

74 *Mar.* Follie in Fooles beares not so strong a note,
As foolrie in the Wife, when Wit doth dote:
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To proue by Wit, worth in simplicitie.

Enter Boyet.

75 *Quic.* Heerecomes Boyer, and myrth is in his face.
Boyet. O I am stable with laughter, Wher's her Grace?

76 *Quic.* Thy newes Boyet?

77 *Boyet.* Prepare Madamme,prepare,
Arme Wenches arme, incounters mounted are,
Against your Peace Loue doth approch, disguyd:
Armed in argumentes,you'll be surprisd,
Muster your Wits, stande in your owne defence,
Or hide your heades like Cowardes, and flie hence.

78 *Quic.* Saint Dennis to S. Cupid : What are they,
That charge their breath against vs? Say scout lay.

79 *Boyet.* Vnder the coole shade of a Siccamone,
I thought to close mine eyes some halfe an houre:
When lo to interrupt my purposed rest,
Toward that shade I might beholde addrest,
The King and his companions warely,
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And ouer hard, what you shall ouer heare:
That by and by disguyd thy will be heere.
Their Heralde is a prettie knaish Page:
That well by hart hath cond his embassage
Action and accent did they teach him there,
Thus must thou speake, and thus thy body beare.
And euer and anon they made a doubt,
Presence maesticall would put him out:

called Loues Labor's lost.

For quoth the King, an Angell shalt thou see;
 Yet feare not thou but speake audaciously.
 The Boy replyde, An Angell is not euill;
 I should haue feard her had shee been a deuill.
 With that all laught, and clapt him on the shoulder,
 Making the holde wagg by their prayses bolder.
 One rubbd his elbow thus, and fleerd, and swore,
 A better speach was neuert spoke before,
 Another with his fynger and his thumie,
 Cried *via* we will doo't come what wil come,
 The thitde he caperd and cryed, All goes well.
 The fourth turnd on the tooe, and downe he fell:
 With that they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zelous laughter so profound,
 That in this spleene rediculous appereas,
 To checke their follie pashions solembe teares.

Quene. But what, but what, come they to visite vs?
Boy. They do, they do; and are appariled thus,
 Like *Muscouites*, or *Russians*, as I gesse.
 Their purpose is to parlee, to court, and daunce,
 And every one his Loue-feat will aduance,
 Vnto his feuerall Mistres: which they 'le know
 By Fauours feuerall, which they did bestow.

Quene. And will they so? the Gallants shalbe taskt;
 For Ladies; we will every one be maskt,
 And not a man of them shall haue the grace
 Despight of lute, to see a Ladies face.
 Holde *Rosaline*, this Fauour thou shalt weare,
 And then the King will court thee for his Deare:
 Holde take thou this my sweete, and giue mee thine,
 So shall *Berowne* take me for *Rosaline*.
 And change you Fauours two, so shall your Loues
 Woo contrarie, deceyued by these remoues.

Ros. Come on then, weare the Fauours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing, What is your intent?

Quene. The effect of my intent is to crosse theirs:
 They do it but in mockerie merement,
 And mocke for mocke is onely my intent,

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

141 Their seuerall counsailes they vnboosome shall,
To Loues mistooke, and so be mockt withall,
144 Vpon the next occasion that we meete,
With Visages displayde to talke and greet.

Res. But shall we dance, if they desire vs toot?

Qnee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pend speach render we no grace:
148 But while this spoke each turne away his face.

Boy. Why that contempt will kill the speakers hart,
And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.

152 *Qnee.* Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The rest will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no such sport, as sport by sport o'rethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So shall we stay mocking entended game,
156 And they wel mockt depart away with shame. *Sound Trom.*

Boy. The Trompet soundes, be maskr, the maskers come.

*Enter Black-moores with musicke, the Boy with a
speach, and the rest of the Lordes disguised.*

Page. All haile, the richest Beauties on the earth.

Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.

Page. A holly parcell of the fayrest dames that euer turnd their
backes to mortall viewes.

The Ladys turne their backes to him.

Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.

Page. That euer turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.

Out

Boy. True, out in deede.

Page. Out of your fauours heauenly spirites vouchsafe
Not to beholde.

Berow. Once to beholde, rogue.

Page. Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,
With your Sunne beamed eyes.

Boy. They will not answere to that Epythat,
You were best call it Daughter beamed eyies.

Page. They do not marke me, and that brings me out.

Ber. Is this your perfectnes? begon you rogue,

Rofa.

called Lones Labor's loft.

Rosal. What would these stranges?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they do speake our language, tis our will
That some plaine man recount their purposes.
Know what they would?

Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Berow. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation,
Rosa. What would they, say they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.
Rosa. Why that they haue, and bid them so be gon.
Boy. She saies you haue it, and you may be gon.
King. Say to her we haue measur'd many miles,
To tread a Measure with her on this grasse,
Boy. They say that they haue measur'd many a mile,
To tread a Measure with you on this grasse.

Rosa. It is not so, Aske them how manie inches
Is in one mile? If they haue measured manie,
The measure then of one is easlie tolde.
Boy. If to come hither, you haue measur'd miles,
And manie miles; the Princesse bids you tell,
How manie inches doth fill vp one mile?

Berow. Tell her we measure them by weerie steps.
Boy. She heares her selfe.
Rosa. How manie weerie steps,
Of manie weerie miles you haue ore gone,
Are numbred in the trauaile of one Mile?

Bero. We number nothing that we spend for you,
Our duetie is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to shew the sunshine of your face,
That we (like sauges) may worship it,

Rosa. My face is but a Moone, and clouded too.
King. Blessed are cloudes, to do as such cloudes do.
Vouchsafe bright Moone, and thesethy Starts to shine,
(Those cloudes remoued) vpon our waterie eyne,
Rosa. O vaine peticioner, begg a greater matter,
Thou now request'st but Mooneshine in the water.

King. Then in our measure, do but vouchsafe one change,
G 4

Thou

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Thou bidst me begge, this begging is not strange.

Rosa. Play Musique then : nay you must do it soone.

Not yet no daunce : thus change I like the Moone.

King. Wil you not daunce? How come you thus estranged?

Ro. You tooke the moone at ful, but now shee's changed?

King. Yet still she is the Moone, and I the Man.

Rosa. The musique playes, vouchsafe some motion to it,
Our eares vouchsafe it.

King. But your legges should do it.

Rosa. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
Whee not be nice, take handes, we will not daunce.

King. Why take we handes then?

Rosa. Only to part friendes.

Curtse sweete hartes, and so the Measure endes.

King. More measure of this measure be not nice.

Rosa. We can affoord no more at such a price.

King. Prise you your selues: What buyes your company?

Rosa. Your absence only.

King. That can neuer be.

Rosa. Then cennot we be bought: and so adue,
Twice to your Visore, and halfe once to you.

King. If you denie to daunce, lets holde more chat.

Rosa. In priuat then.

King. I am best pleaseid with that.

Berow. White handed Mistres, one sweet word with thee.

Quee. Honie, and Milke, and Suger : there is three.

Ber. Nay then two treyes, an if you grow so nice,
Methegline, Wort, and Malmsey; well runne dice:
There's halfe a dozen sweetes,

Quee. Seuenth sweete adue, since you can cogg,
Ile play no more with you.

Ber. One word in secret.

Quee. Let it not be sweete.

Bero. Thou greeuest my gall.

Quee. Gall, bitter,

Bero. Therefore meete.

Duman. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Maria. Name it.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Duma. Faire Ladie.

Mar. Say you so? Faire Lord, take that for your faire Lady

Duma. Please it you, as much in priuat, & ile bid adieu,

Maria. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

Long. I know the reason (Lady) why you aske,

Mari. O for your reason, quickly sir, I long?

Long. You haue a dōuble tongue within your Maske,

And would afforde my speachles vizard halfe,

Mar. Veale quoth the Dutch-man: is not veale a Calfe?

Long. A Calfe faire Ladie.

Mar. No, a faire Lorde Calfe.

Long. Let's part the word?

Mar. No, ile not be your halfe:

Take all and weane it, it may proue an Oxe,

Lon. Loke how you butt your selfe in these sharpe mockes,
Will you gitie hornes chalfe Lady? do not so.

Mar. Then die a Calfe, before your hornes do grow.

Long. One word in priuate with you ere I die.

Mar. Bleat softly then, the Butcher heares you crie.

Boyer. The tongues of mocking Wenches are as keene
As is the Ralors edge inuisible:

Cutting a smaller haire then may be seene,

Aboue the fence of fence so sensible,

Seemeth their conference, their conceites haue wings,

Fleeter then Arrowes, bullers wind thought swifter thinges.

Rosa. Not one word more my Maides, break off, break off.

Bero. By heauen, all drie beaten with pure scoffe.

King. Farewel mad Wenches, you haue simple wits. *Exc.*

Quee. Twentie adieus my frozen Muskouits.

Are these the breed of Wits so wondered at?

Boye. Tapers they are with your sweete breaths pufi out.

Rosa. Wel-liking Wits they haue grosse grosse, fat fat.

Quee. O pouertie in wit, Kingly poore flout.

Will they not (thinke you) hange them selues to nyght?

Or euer but in vizards shew their faces,

This pert *Berowne* was out of countenance quite,

Rosa. They were all in lamentable cases,

The King was weeping ripe for a good word.

241

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256 (St.)

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273+

A peacant concerte comease:

Quee. Berowme did sweare him selfe out of all fulte.

Mar. Dumaine was at my seruice, and his sword,

277 *No poynt*(quoth I) my seruant, straight was mute,

Kath. Lord Longauill said I came ore his hart;

And trow you what he calde me?

Quee. Qualme perhapt.

Kath. Yes in good faith.

Quee. Goe sicknes as thou art,

281 *Ros.* Well, better wits haue worne plaine statute Caps,

But will you heare; the King is my Loue sworne.

Quice. And quicke Berowme hath plighted Fayth to me.

Kath. And Longauill was for my seruice borne.

Mar. Dumaine is mine as sure as barke on tree.

Boyet. Madame, and prettie mistresses giue eare,

Immediately they will againe be heere,

In their owne shapes: for it can neuer be,

289 They will digest this harsh indignitie.

Quee. Will they returne?

Boy. They will they will, God knowes,

297 And leape for ioy, though they are lame with blowes:

Therefore change Fauours, and when they repaire,

Blow like sweete Roses, in this sommer aite.

Quee. How blow? how blow? Speake to be vnderstood.

Boy. Faire Ladies maskt, are Roses in their bud:

Dismaskt, their dammaske sweete commixture showne,

Are Angels varling cloudes, or Roses blowne.

Quee. Auaunt perplexitie, What shall we do,

299 If they returne in their owne shapes to woe?

Refa. Good Madame, if by me youle be aduisde,

Lets mocke them still as well knowne as disguyfde:

Let vs complaine to them what fooles were heare,

303 Disguyfde like *Muscouites* in shapeles geare:

And wonder what they were, and to what ende

Their shallow shoues, and Prologue vildly pende,

And their rough carriage so rediculous,

Should be presented at our Tent to vs.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw: the gallants are at hand,

Quee. Whip to our Tents as Roes runs ore land *Exeunt.*

Enter

called Lones Labor's loft.

Enter the King and the rest.

King. Faire sir, God sauve you : Wher's the Princesse?

310

Boyet. Gone to her Tent. Please it your Maestie com-
maunde me any seruice to her thither,

312

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word,

Boy. I will, and so will she, I know my Lord. *Exit.*

Berow. This fellow peckes vp Wit as Pidgions Pease,

316

And utters it againe when Goddooth please.

He is Witts Pedler, and retales his wares :

At Wakes and Walsels, meetings, markets, Faires,

320

And we that sell by grosse, the Lord doth know,

Haue not the grace to grace it with such show,

This Gallant pins the Wenches on his sleeve,

Had he bin *Adam* he had tempted *Eve*.

A can carue to, and lispe : Why this is hee

324

That kisst his hand, a way in courtisie.

This is the Ape of Forme, Mounser the nice,

That when he playes at Tables chides the Dice

In honorable rearmes ; nay he can sing

328

A meane most meanely, and in hushering,

Mende him who can, the Ladies call him sweete,

The staires as he treades on them kisse his feete,

This is the floure that smyles on every one,

To shew his teeth as white as Whales bone,

332

And conseqences that will not die in debt,

Pay him the due of honie-tonged *Boyet*.

King. A blister on his sweete tongue with my hart,

336

That put *Armatboes* Page out of his part.

Enter the Ladies.

Bero. See where it comes. Behauour what wert thou?

338

Till this mad man shewed thee, and what art thou now?

King. All haile sweete Madame, and faire time of day.

Quee. Faire in all Haile is soule, as I conceaue.

†

King. Consture my spaches better, if you may.

342

Quee. Then wish me better, I will giue you leaue.

King. We came to visite you, and purpose now,

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

To leade you to our Court, vouchsafe it then.

Quene. This Feelde shall holde me, and so hold your vow:
Nor God nor I delights in periurd men.

King. Rebukeme not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie must breake my oth.

Quene. You nickname vertue, vice you should haue spoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.

Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,
As the vnsallied Lilly I protest,

A worlde of tormentes though I should endure,
I would not yelde to be your houses guest:
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heauenly Othes vowed with integritie.

King. O you haue liu'd in desolation heere,
Vnseene, vnuisited, much to our shaine.

Quene. Not so my Lord, it is not so I sweare,
We haue had pastimes here and pleasant game,
A messe of *Russians* left vs but of late.

King. How Madame? *Russians*?

Quene. I in trueth My Lord.

Trim gallants, full of Courtship and of state,

Rosa. Madame speake true: It is not so my Lord:
My Ladicke (to the maner of the dayes)
In curtesie giues vndeseruing praise.

We foure in deede confronted were with foure,
In *Russian* habite: heere they stayed an houre,
And ralke apace: and in that houre my Lord)
They did not blesse vs with one happie word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirstie, fooles would faine haue drinke.

Bero. This iest is drie to me, gentle sweete,
Your wits makes wise thinges foolish when we greete
With eies best seeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we loose light, your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your hudge stoore,
Wise thinges seeme foolish, and rich thinges but poore.

Rosa. This proues you wise and rich: for in my eie.

Bero. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Rosa.

346

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(Stanza)

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380

called Loues Labor's lost

Rosa. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch wordes from my tongue.

381

Ber. O, I am yours and all that I possesse.

Rosa. All the foole mine.

Ber. I cannot giue you lesse.

386

Ros. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?

Ber. Where, when what Vizard? why demaund you this?

Rosa. There then, that Vizard, that superfluous case,
That hid the worse, and shewed the better face.

388

King. We were desiried, theyle mock vs now dounright.

Duman. Let vs confessse and turne it to a iest.

Quee. Amazde my Lord? Why lookes your highnes sad?

Rosa. Help holde his browes, heele sound: why looke
you pale?

392

Sea sickle I thinke comming from *Musconie*.

Bero. Thus pooure the Starres downe plagues for periurie,

394

Can anie face of brasse hold longer out?

Heere stand I, Ladie dart thy skill at me,

397

Bruse me with scorne, confound me with a flout.

Thrust thy sharpe wit quite through my ignorance,

Cut me to peeces with thy keene conceit.

And I will wish thee neuer more to daunce,

401

Nor neuer more in Russian habite waite,

O neuer will I trust to speaches pend,

Nor to the motion of a Schoole-boyes tongue;

Nor neuer come in vizard to my friend,

405

Nor woo in rime like a blind harpers songe,

Taffata phrases, silken tearmes precise,

Three pilde Hiberboles, spruce affection:

Figures pedanticall, these sommer flies,

Hau blowne me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forsware them, and I here protest,

409

By this white Gloue (how white the hand God knowes)

Henceforth my wooing minde shalbe exprest

In russet yeas, and honest kerise noes.

413

And to begin Wench, so God helpe me law,

My loue to thee is sound, *fance cracke or flaw*,

Rosa. *Sans, sans, I pray you.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

Bero. Yet I haue a tricke,
417 Of the olde rage : beare with me, I am sicke.
Ile leaue it by degrees; soft, let vs see,
Write *Lord haue mercie on vs* on those three,
421 They are infected, in their hertes it lyes:
They haue the Plague, and caught it of your eyes,
These Lordes are visited, you are not free,
For the Lordes tokenes on you do I see.

Quee. No they are free that gaue these tokenes to vs.
425 *Berow.* Our states are forfait. feeke not to yndoo vs.

Rosa. It is not so, for how can this be true,
That you stand forfait, being those that sue.

Bero. Peace, for I will not haue to doe with you.

Rosa. Not shall not, if I do as I intende.

Bero. Speake for your selues, my wit is at an ende.

King. Teach vs sweet Madame, for our rude transgression
Some faire excuse.

Quee. The fairest is confession,
Were not you here but euen now, disgysde?

King. Madame, I was.

Quee. And were you well aduisde?

King. I was faire Madame.

Quee. When you then were heere,
436 What did you whisper in your Ladies eare?

King. That more then all the world, I did respect her.

Quee. When she shall challenge this, you wil reiect her.

King. Vpon mine honour no.

Quee. Peace peace, forbeare : your Oth once broke, you
440 force not to forswaire.

King. Despise me when I breake this oth of mine.

Quee. I will, and therefore keepe it. *Rosaline,*

444 What did the *Rusian* whisper in your eare?

Rosa. Madame, he swore that he did hold me deare,
As precious ey-sight, and did value me
Aboue this Worlde : adding thereto more ouer,
That he would wed me, or els die my Louer.

Quee. God giue thee ioy of him : the Noble Lord
447 Most honourable doth vphold his word,

King

called Lones Labor's lost.

King. What meane you Madame: by my life my troth,
I never swore this Lady such an oth,

Rosal. By heauen you did: and to confirme it plaine,
You gaue me this: but take it sir againe.

King. My faith and this, the Princesse I did giue,
I knew her by this Iewell on her sleeve.

Quene. Pardon me sir, this Iewell did she weare,
And Lord Berowme (I thanke him) is my deare.
What will you haue me, or your Pearle againe?

Berow. Neither of either: I remit both twaine.

I see the tricke ant: here was a consent,
Knowing aforehand of our meriment,
To dash it lik a Christmas Comedie:
Some carry tale, some please-man, some sleight faine:
Some mumble newes, some trencher Knight, some Dick
That smyles, his checke in yeeres, and knowes the trick
To make my Lady laugh, when shes disposd:
Tolde our intentes before: which once disclosd,
The Ladies did change Fauours; and then wee
Folowing the signes, wood but the signe of shee,
Now to our perjurie, to add more terror,
We are againe forsworne in will and error.
Much vpon this tis: and might not you
Forestell our sport, to make vs thus vntrue?
Do not you know my Ladies foote by th' squier?
And laugh vpon the apple of her eie?
And stand betweene her backe sir and the fier,
Holding a trencher, iesting merrilie?
You put our Page out: goe, you are loude.
Die when you will, a Smocke shalbe your shroude,
You leere vpon me, do you: ther's an eie
Woundes like a leaden sword.

Boyer. Full merely hath this braue nuage, this carreere
bin run.

Bero. Loe, he is tilting straight. Peace, I haue don.
Enter Clowne.

Ber. Welcome pure wit, thou partest a faire fray.

Clow. O Lord sir, they would know,

A pleasant concited Comedie.

486 Whether the three Worthis shall come in or no?

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clow. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerle one pursents three.

Bero. And three timesthrice is nine.

Clow. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so.
You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what
we know : I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Bero. Is not nine.

Clow. Vnder correction sir we know where-vntill it doth
amount.

Bero. By Ioue, I all wayes tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your liuing
by reckning sir.

Bero. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir
will shew wher-vntill it doth amount : for mine owne part, I
am (as thy say, but to perfect one man in one poore man)
Pompion the great sir.

Bero. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey*
the great: for mine owne part I know not the degree of the
Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Bero. Goe bid them prepare.

(Exit.)

Clow. We wil turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.

King. Berowne, they will shame vs: let them not approch.

Bero. We are shame proofe my Lord : & tis some policie
To haue one show worse then the Kings and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Ques. Nay my good Lord let me ore'rule you now.
That sport best pleases, that doth best know how:
Where zeale striues to content, and the contentes
Dies in the zeale of that which it presentes :
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in myrrh,
When great thinges labouring perish in their byrth.

Bero. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Bragart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royal
sweete

called Lones Labor's lost.

weete breath, as will vtter a brace of wordes.

Quee. Doth this man serue God?

Bero. Why aske you?

Quee. A speakes not like a man of God his making.

Brag. That is al one my faire sweete honie monarch,
For I protest, the Schoolemaister is exceeding fantastical,
Too too vaine, too too vaine; but we will put it (as they say)
to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of mind most royall
cuppement.

Exit.

King. Heere is like to be a good presence of Worthies:
He presents *Hector of Troy*, the *Swaine Pompey* the great, the
parish *Curate Alexander*, *Armadoes Page Hercules*, the *Pedant Judas Machabeus*: And if these fourre Worthies in their
first shew thriue, these fourre will change habites, and present
the other fwe.

Bero. There is fwe in the first shew.

King. You are deceiued, tis not so.

Bero. The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the
Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
Cannoe picke out fwe such, take each one in his vaine.

King. The Ship is vnder sayle, and heere she comes amaine.

Enter Pompey.

Clowne. I Pompey am.

Bero. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. I Pompey am,

Boyet. With Libbards head on knee. (thee,

Ber. Well said old mocker, I must needes be friendes with
Clow. I Pompey am, Pompey surnamde the bigge.

Duma. The great.

Clow. It is great sir, Pompey surnamde the great.

That of in field with Targ and Shield did make my foe to sweat,
And travailing along this coast I heere am come by chaunce,
And lay my Armes before the Leggs of this sweete Lafe of France.
If your Ladishryp would say thankes Pompey, I had done.

Lady. Great thankes great Pompey.

Clo. Tis not so much worth: but I hope I was perfect. I
made a little fault in great,

I

Bero.

A pleasant conceited Comedie:

Bero. My hat to a halfe-pennie, Pompey prooues the best
Worthie.

564

565

Curat. When in the world I liued, I was the worldes commander:
By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:
My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alisander. (right.)

569

Boyet. Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too
Be. Your nose smels no in his most tender smelling knight.

572

Qu. The conqueror is dismaid: proceed good Alexander.

Cura. When in the worlde I liued, I was the worldes commander.

Boy. Most true, tis right: you were so Alisander.

Bero. Pompey the great.

Clow. Your seruant and Costard.

Bero. Take away the Conqueror, take away Alisander.

576

Clow. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne Alisander the Conquerour: you will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this. Your Lion that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to Ajax. He wilbe the ninth Worthie: a Conquerour, and a feard to speake? Run away for shame Alisander. There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an honest man; looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueylous good neighbour fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for Alisander, alas you see how tis a little o'reparted, but there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort.

580

584

588

590

Exit Curat.

Quae. Stand aside good Pompey.

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

592

595

597

Peda. Great Hercules is presented by this Impe, Whose Clubb' kilde Cerberus that three headed Canus, And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus, Quoniam, he seemeth in minoritie, Ergo, I come with this Appologie.

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.

Peda. Iudas I am.

Exit Boy.

Dum.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Dum. A Iudas. 600
 Pedan. Not Iscariot sir.
 Judas I am, eclipsed Machabeus,
 Dum. Judas Machabeus clipt, is plaine Judas,
 Bero. A kissing traytour. How art thou proud Judas?
 Peda. Judas I am. 605
 Duma. The more shame for you Judas.
 Peda. What meane you sir?
 Boyet. To make Judas hang him selfe.
 Pedan. Begin sir, you are my elder. 608
 Bero. Well folowed, Judas was hanged on an Elder,
 Pedan. I will not be put out of countenance.
 Bero. Because thou hast no face. 612
 Peda. What is this?
 Boyet. A Cyttorne head.
 Duma. The head of a Bodkin.
 Bero. A deaths face in a Ring. 616
 Long. The face of an olde Roman coyne, scarce scene,
 Boyet. The pummel of Cesars Fauchion.
 Duma. The carud-bone face on a Flaske,
 Bero. Saint Georges halfe cheeke in a Broodh. 620
 Duma. I and in a Broodh of Lead.
 Bero. I and worne in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer:
 And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.
 Peda. You haue put me out of countenance, 624
 Bero. False, we haue giuen thee faces.
 Peda. But you haue outfaste them all.
 Bero. And thou weart a Lyon, we would do so.
 Boyet. Therefore as he is, an Ass, let him go:
 And so adue sweete Inde. Nay, Why dost thou stay? 628
 Duma. For the latter ende of his name.
 Bero. For the Ass to the Inde: give it him, Judas away!
 Pedan. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble. 632
 Boyet. A light for Mounsier Judas, it growes darke, he
 may stumble.
 Quee. Alas poore Machabeus, how hath he bin bayted. 634

A pleasant concerte Comedie:

Eeter Braggart.

Ber. Hide thy head Achilles, here comes Hector in Armes.

Duma. Though my mockes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.

Boyet. Bur is this Hector?

King. I thinke Hector was not so cleane timberd.

Long. His Legge is too bigge for Hectors.

Duman. More Calfe certaine.

Boye. No, he is best indued in the small.

Bero. This cannot be Hector.

Duma. Hee's a God or a Painter: for he makes faces.

Braggart. The Armpotent Mars, of Launces the almighty, gave Hector a gift.

Duma. A gift Nutmegg.

Bero. A Lemmon.

Long. Stucke with Cloues.

Dum. No clouen.

Brag. Peace. The Armpotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heire of Illion,

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight; yea,

From morne till night out of his Pavillion.

I am that Flower.

Dum. That Mint.

Long. That Cullambine.

Brag. Sweete Lord Longauill raine thy tongue.

Long. I must rather giue it the raine: for it runnes against Hector.

Dum. I and Hector's a Greyhound.

Brag. The sweete War-man is dead and rotten, Sweete chucks beat not the bones of the buried:

When he breathed he was a man;

But I will forword with my deuice; sweete royltie bestow on me the sence of hearing.

Berowne steps foorth.

Quee. Speake braue Hector, we are much delighted.

Brag. I do adore thy sweete Graces Slipper.

Boyet

called Loues Labor's lost.

Boyet. Loues her by the foote.

673-4

Dum. He may not by the yarde.

Brag. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,
The partie is gone.

677

Clow. Fellow Hector, she is gone; she is two months on
her way.

Brag. What meanest thou?

680

Clow. Faith vntesse you play the honest *Troyan*, the poore
wench is cast away : shes's quicke, the childe bragges in her
bellie already : tis yours.

Brag. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates?
Thou shalt die.

684

Clow. Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquinetta* that is
quicke by him, and handg for *Pompey* that is dead by him.

688

Duma. Most rare *Pompey*.

Boyet. Renowned *Pompey*.

690

Bero. Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*: *Pom-*
pey the hudge.

Dum. *Hector* trembles.

695

Bero. *Pompey* is moued more Ates more Atees stir them
or stir them on.

Duma. *Hector* will challenge him.

†

Bero. I, if a haue no more mans blood in his belly then w
suppe a Flea.

698

Brag. By the North Pole I do challenge thee.

Clow. I will not fight with a Pole like a Northren man;
Ile slash, Ile do it by the Sword: I bepray you let me bor-
row my Armes againe.

702

Duma. Roome for the incensed Worthies.

Clow. Ile do it in my shyrt.

705

Duma. Most resolute *Pompey*.

Page. Maister, let me take you a button hole lower. Do
you not see, *Pompey* is vncasing for the Combat: What
meane you? you will loose your reputation.

709

Brag. Gentlemen and Souldiers, pardon me, I will not
combat in my shyrt.

(lenge.

711

Duma. You may not deny it, *Pompey* hath made the chal-

Brag. Sweete bloodes, I both may and will.

714

*A pleasant conceited Comedie.*715 *Bero.* What reason haue you fort.*Brag.* The naked trueth of it is, I hane no Shirt.

I goe Woolward for pittance.

718 *Boy.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want of
Linnen: since when, Ile be sworne he wore none, but a dish-
cloute of *Jaquenettaes*, and that a weares next his hart for a
Fauour.

722

*Enter a Messenger Mounfier Marcade.*723 *Marcad.* God sauе you Madame.725 *Quee.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou intermptest our
merriment.728 *Marcad.* I am sorrie Madame for the newes I bring
is heauie in my tongue. *The King* your father*Quee.* Dead for my life.730 *Marcad.* Euen so: my tale is tolde.730-1 *Ber.* Worthies away, the Scène begins to cloude.735 *Brag.* For mine owne part I breath free breath: I haue
seen the day of wrong through the litle hole of discretion,
and I will right my selfe like a Souldier. *Exeunt Worthys**King.* How fares your Maiestie?*Quee.* Boyer prepare I will away to nyght.739. *King.* Madame Not so, I do beseech you stay,742. *Quee.* Prepare I say: I thanke you gracious Lords
For all your faire endeouours and intreat:*Out* of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,*In* your rich wisedome to excuse, or hide,*The* liberall opposition of our spirites,*If ouerboldly* we haue borne our selues,*In* the conuerse of breath(your gentlenes*Was* guyltie of it.) Farewell worthy Lord:*A* heauie hart beares not a humble tongue.*Excuse* me so comming too short of thankes,*For* my great sute, so easely obtainde,746 *King.* The extreame partes of time extreamely formes,*All* causes to the purpose of his speede:*And* often at his very loose decides

That.

called Loues Labor's lost.

That, which long processe could not arbitrate,

And though the mourning brow of progenie
Forbid the smyling courtecie of Loue,

The holy suite which faine it would conuince,
Yet since Loues argument was first on foote,

Let not the cloude of Sorrow iustle it

From what it purposd, since to wayle friendes lost,

Is not by much so holosome profitable,

As to rejoyce at friendes but newly found.

Quic. I vnderstand you not, my grieves are double.

Bcro. Honest plaine words, best pearce the eare of grise,

And by these badges vnderstand the King,

For your faire sakes, haue we neglected time.

Plaide fouleplay with our othes: your beautie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humours

Euen to the opposed ende of our ententes.

And what in vs hath seemed rediculous:

As Loue is full of vnbefitting straines,

All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine,

Formd by the eye, and therefore like the eye.

Full of straying shapes, of habites and of formes:

Varying in subiectes as the eye doth roule,

To euery varied obiect in his glaunce:

Which partie coted presence of loose loue

Put on by vs, if in your heauenly eyes,

Haue misbecombd our othes and grauities.

Those heauenly eyes that looke into these faulteres,

Suggested vs to make, therefore Ladies

Our loue being yours, the errour that Loue makes

Is likewise yours: we to our selues proue false,

By being once falce, for euer to be true

To those that make vs both faire Ladies you,

And euuen that falsehood in it selfe a finne,

Thus purifies it selfe and turns to grace.

Quic. We haue receiud your Letters, full of Loue:

Your Fauours, embassadours of Loue.

And in our mayden counsaile rated them,

At courtshyp pleasant iest and courtecie,

754

755

†

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790

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

791 As bombast and as lyning to the time:
 + But more devout then this our respectes,
 794 Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
 In their owne fashyon like a merriment.
 795 *Dum.* Our letters madame, shewed much more then iest.
 Long. So did our looks.
 796 *Rofa.* We did not cote them so.
 King. Now at the latest minute of the houre,
 798 *Graunt vs* your loues,
 800 *Quee.* A time me thinkes too short,
 To make a world-without-end bargaine in :
 802 No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
 Full of deere guiltines, and therefore this,
 If for my Loue (as there is no such cause)
 You will do ought, this shall you do for me:
 Your oth I will not trust, but goe with speede
 806 To some forlorne and naked Hermytage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world:
 There stay vntill the twelue Celestiall Signes
 Haue broughth about the annuall reckoning.
 810 If this Austere insociable life,
 Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
 If frostes and fastes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
 Nip not the gaudie blossomes of your Loue :
 814 But that it beare this tryall, and last Loue,
 Then at the expiration of the yeere,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these desertes:
 And by this Virgin palme now kisling thine,
 I wil be thine : and till that instance shutt
 818 My wofull selfe vp in a mourning house,
 Rayning the teares of lamentation,
 For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.
 If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
 Neither intiled in the others hart.
 822 King. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
 To flatter vp these powers of mine with rest,
 The sodaine hand of death close vp mine eye,
 Hence herte then my hart, is in thy brest.

Bero.

called Loues Labor's lost.

Berow. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?

Rosal. You must be purged to, your sinnes are racket.

828 (604 847
864)

You are attaint with faultes and periurier:

Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,

At tweluemonth shall you spende and neuer rest,

But seeke the weery beddes of people sickie.

832

Duma. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?

Kath. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honestie,

With three folde loue I wish you all these three.

836

Duma. O shall I say, I thanke you gentle Wife?

Kath. Not so my Lord, a tweluemonth and a day,

Ile marke no wordes that smoothfast wooers say,

Come when the King doth to my Lady come:

Then if I haue much loue, Ile give you some.

840

Duma. Ile serue thee true and faythfully till then.

Kath. Yet sweare not, least ye be forsworne agen.

844

Longanill. What saies *Maria?*

Mari. At the tweluemonths ende,

Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull frend.

Long. Ile stay with patience, but the time is long,

Mari. The liker you, few taller are so young.

Berow. Studdies my Ladie? Mistres looke on me,

Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:

What humble suite attendes thy answere there,

Impose some seruice on me for thy Loue.

848

Rosa. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne*,

Before I saw you: and the worldes large tongue

Proclaymes you for a man replete with mockes,

Full of comparisons and wounding floutes:

Which you on all estetes will execute,

That lie within the mercie of your wit:

To weede this wormewood from your fruitfull braine,

And therewithall to winne me, yf you please,

Without the which I am not to be won:

You shall this tweluemonth terme from day to day,

Visite the speachlesse sickie, and still conuerfe,

With groning wretches: and your taske shall be,

With all the fierce endeour of your wit,

856

860

863

A pleasant concerte a Comedie:

864 To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Berow. To moue wilde laughter in the throate of death?
It cannot be, it is impossible.

Mirth cannot moue a soule in agonie.

868 *Rosal.* Why that's the way to choake a gibing spirrit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace,
Which shallow laughing hearers glue to fooles,
A iestes prosperitie lies in the eare,
872 Of him that heares it, neuer in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then if sickly eares
Deafst with the clamours of their owne deare grones,
Will heare your idle scornes; continue then,
876 And I will haue you, and that fault withall.
But if they will not, throw away that spirrit,
And I shall finde you emptie of that fault,
Right ioyfull of your reformation.

880 *Berow.* A tweluermonth? well; befall what will befall,
Ile iest a tweluermonth in an Hospitall.

Queen. I sweete my Lord, and so I take my leaue.

King. No Madame, we will bring you on your way.

884 *Berow.* Our wooing doth not ende like an olde Play:
Iacke hath not Gill: these Ladies courtesie
Might well haue made our sport a Comedie.

King. Come sir, it wants a tweluermonth an'aday,
And then twill ende.

888 *Berow.* That's too long for a Play.

Enter Braggart.

890 *Brag.* Sweete Maiestie vouchsafe me.

Queen. Was not that *Hector*?

Duma. The worthie Knight of *Troy*.

894 *Brag.* I will kisse thy royll finger, and take leaue.
I am a Votarie; I haue vowde to *Iaquenetta*
To holde the Plough for her sweete loue three yeere,
But most esteemed greatnes, will you heare the Dialogue
that the two Learned men haue compiled, in praysie of the
897 Owle and the Cuckow? it should haue followed in the
ende

called Lones Labor's lost.

ende of our shew.

King. Call them foorth quickly, we will do so,
Brag. Holla, Approach.

898

(Enter all.

Brag. This side is *Hiems*, Winter.
This *Ver*, the Spring: The one mayntained by the Owle,
th'other by the Cuckow,

902

B. Ver begin.

The Song.

When Dases pied, and Violets blew,
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew:
And Ladi-smockes all siluer white,
Do paint the Meadowes with delights:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mocks married men; for thus singes hee,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married care,

904

907

909

912

When Shepheards pipe on Oten Strawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens Clocks:
When Turtles tread and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their summer smockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mocks married men, for thus singes he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleasing to a married care.

916

918

921

Winter.

When Iacles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Sheepheard blowes his naile:
And Thom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When Blood is nipt, and wayes be full,

922

925

A pleasant conceited Comedie.

927 Then nightly singes the staring Owle
 Tu-whit to-who.
 A merrie note,
 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

929 When all aloude the wind doth blow,
 And coffing drownes the Parsons saw;
 And Birdes sit brooding in the Snow,
 And Marrians nose lookes red and raw:
 When roasted Crabbs hisse in the bowle,
 934 Then nightly singes the staring Owle,
 Tu-whit to-who,
 A merrie note,
 While greasie Ione doth keele the pot.

939 The vwordes of Mercurie, are harsh after the
 940 songes of Apollo.

FINIS.







